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THE "U. S. M."

BY ALICE MORGAN.

"LARRY, the stage-driver, has broken a leg, and Mr. Wright says I may run the stage for a month or two. I'd like to do it, sir, if—if you 've no objection," begged Tom of his guardian, Judge Gifford.

The judge looked down at him with amusement.

"Do you hear that, doctor?" he said, walking to the other end of the piazza, where the old doctor sat with his feet on the railing and a New York newspaper in his hand.

Tom, who was always in dead earnest about everything he undertook, had been studying too hard or too much, and had grown thin and nervous; so, by the doctor's advice, and greatly against his own will, he had been compelled to leave school.

The doctor looked up absently.

"He's been out of school three days," explained the judge, stepping aside and exposing the bashful boy, who had followed close at his heels, "and now he's ready to run a stage."

"Only three trips a day," pleaded Tom, with the air of a culprit. "It starts from Mr. Wright's store at Van Buren Center, and goes down to the railway station. It connects with the 8:30 A.M. and the 2 and 5 P.M. trains for New York. It carries the mail."

"Um-m!" remarked the doctor, thoughtfully, looking intently out toward the orchard.

"It's better than lounging, anyway," ventured Tom, and instantly retreated again behind the judge.

"Um-m-m! So it is, judge, so it is," said the doctor, lowering his feet, one at a time, and holding them in place with a hand on either knee. "It'll keep the youngster out of doors, too; and that's what he needs. He's small for his age. Go ahead, young man; here's my hand on it."

And Tom, emerging from his retirement, shook the chubby old hand with a glad "Thank you, sir," and a glance at his guardian that was three parts merry and one part triumphant.

That evening found him stretched upon the boards of the western porch with an open book before him, straining his eyes in the fading light.

The judge commented gravely.

"It's only a book of postal laws and regulations," apologized Tom. "I got it of Wright. Of course he must answer for me as mail-carrier; but I thought I ought to know what the rights and duties of the office are." (Tom was taking some ideas from the Constitution of the United States.)

"That's right, my boy, that's right," exclaimed the judge, with a heartiness that brought a glad light into Tom's eyes, for he loved his guardian most devotedly. "Whether you are a private citizen or a public officer,

always keep yourself informed as to the duties the laws of your country require of you and the privileges they accord to you. But we want you now to let books alone as far as may be."

The stage was clumsy, with low, heavy running-gear and a tunnel-like top of canvas. Upon the wagon-box, hardly decipherable through disfigurement of weather and soil, appeared the name of the nimblest race-horse of the day—"Eclipse"; for every time the vehicle received a new coat of paint it was, with no idea of any joke, renamed for the race-horse once so famous. At the back, just above a pair of steps by which passengers climbed in or out, appeared the letters "U. S. M."

The driver's seat was high, and Tom felt lifted up in more senses than one when, on the morning of his entry into the mail service, Mr. Wright, storekeeper, postmaster, stage-driver, and mail-carrier all in one—though giving to others the duties of the last two offices—tossed up to him the mail-bag with its imposing combination of iron staples and lock and leathern pouch that, as the story runs, made an old sailor's jack-knife laugh.

As it fell rattling before him, he put a foot upon it, gathered up his reins, and started off, feeling himself a public official.

His route lay past Riggs's Corners, a tavern stand, thence to the station, a drive of two miles by the regular route or old road, or a much longer drive if, as was often the case, he had to go by the hill road.

On each of his trips he was obliged to connect with a train for his passengers' convenience as well as to deliver the mail-bag to a trainman. Then he must wait a half-hour for return trains, from which he received the mail and generally a few passengers.

Our hero had been stage-driver about a

month when, upon his morning trip, he was signaled from the home of Farmer Cushman—a fine old house standing sixty feet from the road. The farmer had been kind to Tom. The lad had a grateful heart, and saw with pleasure that the passenger coming out from the greenery of trees and shrubs that almost hid the house was his old friend.

"Room up there for me, Tom?" he asked, indicating the driver's seat.

"Certainly, sir, certainly!" Tom blinked with satisfaction as he slipped to one side, making room.

A few rods before them was Riggs's Corners. Early as it was, the idlers of the place were lounging upon the long, narrow piazza. Mr. Cushman scanned the group narrowly.

"I suppose it's too early for Bates to be around yet," he said. "He's a fellow that's been buying up horses about here. Have you seen him, Tom? He drives a bay and a flashy little buggy with yellow gear. He puts up at Riggs's. McMahon" (the constable) "hobnobs with him a good deal—is treated by him, I suppose, and of course thinks Bates is just right. I offered him my old gray yesterday for seventy-five dollars; but I regretted it afterward, and I really hope he won't take me up. The old fellow's been too good a servant to be sold to strangers who may not treat him kindly."

Tom agreed with him,—somehow he and Mr. Cushman agreed on most subjects they talked about,—and the trip to the station was a pleasure to both.

In the afternoon Tom left Wright's, as usual, to connect with the two-o'clock train. As he approached the Cushman place his face lighted up with a very lively curiosity, for something answering the description of Bates's rig stood



"EVENING FOUND HIM STRETCHED UPON THE WESTERN PORCH, WITH AN OPEN BOOK BEFORE HIM."

at the gate, with Cushman's little black mare, "Dinah," tied behind.

On coming nearer he saw little Harmony Cushman at Dinah's head, and just within the gate Harmony's grandmother, a meek-faced old lady, mildly arguing with some one whom Tom took to be Bates himself.

Approaching the group, Tom drove more and more slowly, forgetting all politeness in his pity for the child when he saw that Harmony was crying and tugging at Dinah's tie-strap with all her little might.

The Eclipse came to a standstill.

"Papa *did n't* sell my Dinah, Tommy! Papa *did n't*!" cried the little girl, dropping the strap, running forward, and reaching up her hands to him in pitiful appeal.

Tom was beside her in a moment, and seizing his hand, she ran with him to her grandmother's side.

"It is unfortunate, Mr. Bates," the old lady was protesting, "that you should have come when there's no one home but me. Even the hired men are not around. They would have known. Of course, I don't doubt

your word, but I'm afraid there's some misunderstanding. Can't you leave the mare now, and come for her when my son is at home?"

"I would like to oblige you, ma'am, indeed I would," answered the man, very blandly, "but I have promised to deliver these horses tomorrow. You knew that your son had sold a horse, did n't you?"

"I did hear him say that he had offered one for seventy-five dollars cash, but I thought 't was old 'Prince,' the gray. I did n't suppose he 'd sell Dinah for any such amount of money or under any circumstances, for —"

"Papa *did n't* sell Dinah." The child confronted the man unflinchingly. "I was there. Don't you wemembh 't was Pwince? Dinah's

mine. Papa gave her to me a long time ago." In spite of her sobbing, her voice rang clearly every sound she attempted but the letter *r*.

"Nonsense!" said Bates, though smilingly. He attempted to stroke the little girl's hair, but she flew from him with a frantic gesture.

Tom felt that he could keep quiet no longer.

"Something is wrong, Mrs. Cushman," Tom said. "Mr. Cushman told me only this morning that he had given Mr. Bates the refusal of Prince. Anyway, he 'll be home on the last train to-night to speak for himself. That is n't long to wait."

That Bates paid no attention to him did not in the least trouble the boy; but McMahon, who had sauntered over from the hotel and had heard the latter part of the conversation, braced himself before him with feet apart, and began a sort of cross-questioning, emphasizing with an index-finger upon his open palm.

"Mr. Cushman told you that he had offered Prince, eh, young man?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, now, what have *we* to do with Prince? Clearly nothing at all. The question is — *did* he tell you that he had *not* sold Dinah?"

"No; but if he *had* sold her —"

"Tut, tut! Keep to the facts! The law can't recognize 'ifs'; it's facts we want. Young man, you go about your business. You 'll miss your train if you waste much more time here. Wright don't stand much foolin', you know."

Then to Mrs. Cushman he said impressively:



"MR. WRIGHT TOSSED UP THE MAIL-BAG."

"Allow me, ma'am, to introduce to you my friend Mr. Bates, of New York. Mr. Bates is a gentleman, ma'am. I'll stand for him. It's simply absurd that his word should be called into question by that young prig. It's late now, and further delay may put him to a great deal of trouble. You were to pay the money and take the horse, Mr. Bates?"

"That was the bargain," said Bates, with the calmness of one who's sure he's right and waits patiently for permission to go ahead.

McMahon was naturally headstrong; still he might not have acted with so much assurance had he not been imbibing freely at the tavern.



"PAPA DID N'T SELL MY DINAH, TOMMY! PAPA DID N'T!"
CRIED THE LITTLE GIRL.

"Well, Mr. McMahon," said yielding grandma, "if you say it's all right, why—"

"Of course it's all right, ma'am. Come in, Mr. Bates, and count out your money." And with the familiarity of an old neighbor, he led

the way into the house, grandma following meekly, only stopping for an instant to pacify Harmony, who clutched her gown in speechless protest.

"Don't cry, deary," she said; "and you may ride to the station with Tommy, if he'll let you."

But with a faint scream Harmony flew out and began again her helpless tug at the tie-strap. Tom looked at her a second, then crossed the road and let down the bars of a pasture lot; then with steady, nimble fingers he unhitched his near horse, and put him into the lot. He was at Harmony's side the next instant. With a low, comforting "Sh-sh!" he took the strap from her shaking fingers, untied it, flung it into the buggy box, and led Dinah into the vacant place. The rusty old harness was a loose fit, but it was made to answer with only the change of a buckle or two.

Meanwhile the haughty little beast showed a pair of disdainful eyes under the shabby blinders, and tossed her head and lifted her feet in a way that showed her to be quite out of patience with this new work. But Harmony, whose active little brain had quickly guessed Tom's purpose, ran to her head.

"You must be a good Dinah," she said, and at sound of her voice the affectionate creature lowered her head for a caress. The child drew her palms resolutely across her wet lashes, heaved one last sob, and took up with her whole soul her part as peacemaker. A-tiptoe she stroked and patted and coaxed and counseled.

"You went double twice before, Dinah. Don't you wemembeh? Papa dwove you with Pwince, and papa said you was a— a nintelligent cweature. You must be good to us, Dinah, and we'll be good to you. Tommy likes nintelligent cweatures, don't you, Tom—"

She looked up and saw Tom upon his perch, ready to start. In an instant she was climbing up to him, clutching in her ascent the steps, wheel, anything her little hands could grapple.

Tom caught her just as Dinah leaped forward.

"Gwandma said I might go," she panted.

Her sunbonnet had fallen back upon her shoulders, her hair tumbled wildly about its rim, traces of tears and of soiled, restraining

fingers were upon her face; but as she snuggled up to him with a long, wavering breath of re-

And Dinah, quieted again by a voice she knew, subsided into a steady pace.



"'YOUNG MAN, YOU GO ABOUT YOUR BUSINESS,' SAID MR. MCMAHON."

lief and trust, Tom felt her cause was his cause, heart and soul, for weal or woe.

He looked at his watch, and knew that if he made the train he must do it by the shorter route. He urged his team ahead. Dinah capered at first, and would not do her part; but Harmony, clinging to Tom's sleeve and bending eagerly forward, entreated her:

"Oh, be a good Dinah; be a *good* Dinah!"

They had passed the Corners and had turned into the old road before Tom looked back. Two bewildered men were standing before the Cushman gate.

Some minutes passed before they fully understood the situation, and then McMahon exclaimed:

"The young idiot! He's forgotten that the road's blocked! He'll have to come back to-

the Corners!" and Mr. McMahon doubled himself together in triumphant glee.

But Tom had n't forgotten anything. He came up to the closed portion of the road. A chain was stretched across, hooked to a post upon each side. The foreman of a gang of laborers said surlily:

"No thoroughfare. You can't pass here."

The boy rose upon his feet, looked at the broken road, and saw that it was passable. Then he lifted the mail-bag into sight, saying quietly:

"I carry the United States mail, sir."

The man made no reply, but turned away and kicked sullenly into a clod of earth.

Tom sprang to the ground, unhooked the chain at one end, carried it to the other side, dropped it, and, regaining his seat at a bound, drove on. The road was rough in places, but not dangerous, and he passed safely over it, though to the inconvenience of several groups of workmen.

Ahead of him he saw the train already slowing at the station. It would not do to go close with the frisky Dinah, so drawing to the sidewalk a few rods away, he flung himself to the ground, put a dime and Dinah's bridle into the hands of a gaping idler, lifted Harmony to the ground for safety, snatched his mail-bag, and made a dash for the platform. He reached it just in time to hurl the bag aboard as the train was starting.

He must now wait a half-hour for the mail-train from New York; and from the platform he scanned the homeward road, the long hill road, for he knew that if Bates and the constable were to come after him they would come that way.

The road was clear, and he went back to look after Harmony. His team was quiet, the boy he had hired still holding the pair, and Dinah gravely eating clover from Harmony's hand. Saying to himself, "Busy hours go fast," he pulled a few fresh tufts from under a fence and fed them to the patient old creature at Dinah's side. Then he set himself the task of scraping the mud from the wheels of the stage; but he worked in nervous haste, as if, instead of killing time, he were trying to gain it. Then he turned his team about, heading them toward

the hill road and home. Then he made a bargain with his hostler, giving him another dime to remain until the train arrived.

"It must be nearly due," he thought, and looked at his watch. Just ten minutes had sped!

Fretted by what he called his foolishness, he placed a foot firmly upon a hub and with nicest precision whittled a stick to a pin-point. He as carefully sharpened the other end, then threw it away and mounted the stage steps to view the road. No Bates in sight. Again he pulled out his watch.

"Is it 'most half an hour now?" whispered Harmony.

"Ten minutes more," he said, and, stooping, untied her bonnet and smoothed back her hair, talking soothingly to her meanwhile.

"When we get another mail-bag aboard and get started, I don't believe they'll dare to take Dinah away from us. They won't unless they get us another horse, and no one here has one to lend."

"And will you keep Dinah and me and the United States mail with you ev'wy speck of time till papa comes?"

"I'll try to"; and with a parting pat of encouragement he left her and went and stood upon the platform.

For perhaps the twentieth time he jerks out his watch. Time up and no train in sight!

He steps from the platform and puts his ear to the ground. The train is coming!

Upon the platform again, he tries to look round a corner a hundred rods away, where the track bends out of the thick woods.

But it *is* coming. It is almost in sight, announced by rumble and whistle and fleece of smoke sifting upward through the tree-tops. He runs his eye along the hill road. No vehicle in sight, but upon the summit a cloud of dust. It takes shape under his straining gaze; a scampering horse, a tumbling buggy, and the drivers—Tom cannot see them, but his instinct outleaps his senses.

But though his heart has stood still, the belated train has not. It is close at hand, and in his eagerness the boy stretches out his arms and wildly beckons it forward. It comes slowing and scraping alongside of the platform, and



he runs with it abreast of the car that holds the coveted bag. It is flung at his feet. He clutches it, and stands ready, waiting for the crowding passengers to come out upon the platform. Only a moment, then:

"All aboard!" he shouts, "all aboard for Van Buren!" and he bounds forward.

As he runs down the steps he glances up the road. Bates is not far away, but his horse is rearing and plunging, made frantic by the shrieking engine before and shouts and blows from behind. The boy heeds everything that may make delay, and as he comes up in the rear of the Eclipse he flings the door wide open, lest a would-be passenger waste precious time in fumbling with its old fastenings.

Little Harmony had taken in the long view of the hill road, too—taken it in while clinging to

the rail of a fence: and as soon as Tom made his dash for the stage, she had scrambled to her place, and sat there mute, but following distressfully his every motion. As he tossed the bag at her feet, she, with gentle, reverent hands, adjusted the ungainly thing for ready grasping, for, having seen its value in one peril, she had faith in it as a passport through all.

Only three passengers appeared, active men,—Tom knew them all,—and he sprang to his seat, gathered up his reins, waved away his groom, and was off before they were fairly seated. But he went at a slow pace, seeming to fear any stoppage as little as if he drove the chariot of the sun.

"Stop, you thief!" yelled the fuming Bates: and "Stop, you thief!" echoed McMahon.

The stage was brought to a standstill. "You audacious rascal!" shouted Bates. He

"THE UNITED STATES MAIL," SHE CRIED;
"THE UNITED STATES MAIL!"

flourished his whip, and in his frenzy he might have struck at Tom had not Harmony suddenly pushed in front, lifting into sight with both hands her best hope, her last refuge, the mail-bag. Her sunbonnet had fallen off again; her tossing hair was blown backward on the breeze; her great, wide-open eyes were tearless, and there was not a tremor in her piping voice.

"The United States mail," she cried; "the United States mail!"

The passengers had alighted, and stood gazing at her as if she had been from another world; but Bates was in too great a rage to be impressed by any mortal presence.

"Come down here, you young scamp," he shouted, "and I'll teach you a lesson."

"No, thank you, sir," said Tom, gently restraining Harmony lest she should lose her balance. "Another time I might oblige you; but just now I happen to have the United States mail in charge, and—"

"What 's the trouble?" asked a passenger.

"The rascal has stolen my horse that I bought of Cushman!" Bates danced about and waved his arms.

"Papa did n't sell Dinah; papa *did* n't," insisted the little girl.

"Does any one here believe that Mr. Cushman sold *that* mare for seventy-five dollars?" asked Tom, stretching out his whip-hand over Dinah's back.

Some one blew a low, long "Whew-ew-ew!" that partly sobered McMahon and made Bates realize the danger of delay.

"Constable," he roared, "I can't stay here talking all the afternoon. Unhitch the little beast!" and he began to unharness her.

"Constable," said Tom, "get me another horse, then. You must see that I am not interfered with in my duties as Mr. Wright's agent. 'Wright does n't stand fooling, you know.'"

"What 's this? A breakdown?" asked some one who came pantingly up behind. "Lucky thing for me. I might have had to foot it all the way home. What was your hurry, Tom? I scrambled along about as spryly as an old man like me can be expected —"

"Oh, papa, papa, *did* you sell my Dinah?"

Mr. Cushman—for it was he, returned a train earlier than he had planned—caught his little girl as she sprang.

"Sell your Dinah? I guess not—I *guess* not! Not a hair or a shred of anything my linnet claims. Who says I sold your Dinah?"

But the tired little thing had buried her face on his neck and was crying.

Tom showed him Dinah, and told the story.

"The rascal!" he exclaimed. "I told him she was not for sale, and that, if she were, three hundred would n't buy her. Where is he?"

"There he is," said an impatient passenger, pointing to a buggy that was flying over the hill, "and now let 's follow his example."

In a trice the stage was rumbling forward.

At the Cushman gate stood grandma, with a placid face.

"I'm so glad," she said, "that you were able to settle the matter without parting with Dinah."

"How 'settle' it, Mrs. Cushman?" asked Tom, eagerly.

"Why, Mr. Bates said they had made a new deal, and he 's taken Prince and gone."

"Well, he ought to be arrested, I suppose; but let him go. He has n't got any more than belongs to him now," said the easy-going, mild old man, his anger over; "but as for you, my boy, I'll see that you're paid for this day's work; I'll make it all right for you."

"You made it all right for me years ago, Mr. Cushman," replied Tom, as gravely as if he were looking back over the various ups and downs of fifty years of life instead of fifteen.





A WOODLAND CONCERT BY THE OBERON MUSICAL CLUB.

TONS OF HONEY IN A GIGANTIC BEEHIVE.

BY DR. EUGENE MURRAY-AARON.

ONE of the most wonderful spots in the world, in its way, is the famous "Devil's Punch Bowl," as the natives have named it, in Valverde County, Texas, which borders on the Rio Grande. Its discoverers noticed, as they came within a couple of miles of it, what appeared to be a cloud of smoke constantly rising from

a spot in the valley below them, and when they came nearer they heard a rushing sound as of a great waterfall. It proved to be nothing more or less than a gigantic beehive, a hole in the ground forty feet in diameter, from which were rising and into which were descending innumerable swarms of bees. This, then, was

the cause of the distant appearance of rising smoke, accompanied by the loud hum of countless insect wings.

Those who have ventured to visit this curious cave since its discovery, protecting themselves from the stings of the bees by mosquito-netting or otherwise, as they look down into the yawning cavity, observe, clinging to its sides, great festoons of honeycomb. Opening into the large cavity can be seen many smaller ones which it is reasonable to suppose contain additional stores of honey in their dark recesses, for bees love darkness. If a method could be devised to secure the contents of this great treasure-house of honey, several tons of the sweet product would be the probable outcome. But this cave, large and well filled as it is, contains but a small part of the honeyed treasures with which those valleys abound.

In that far southern latitude the winters are so mild that the bees can gather honey through the whole year. In the summer they obtain it from the endless variety of flowers which bloom in those fertile valleys, and in the winter from sweet cactus-pears, and berries of many

sorts. The bees store the honey thus gathered in hollow trees and small clefts of rock, but chiefly in caves, some of which are easily accessible, while others can be reached only by means of ropes let down from heights above. The country is so rough that the hunter must leave his pack-pony or burro at a long distance, and must find his toilsome way on foot to the cave whence he hopes to obtain his honey. For this and other reasons, our bee-farmers will have little cause to fear competition from the wild honey of that wonderful region, at least for many years to come.

It might be supposed that these bees of the Rio Grande could cease from their toil and feast themselves and their grubs on the stores collected in former years. But a blind instinct prompts them to continue their labor as steadily as if they were entirely destitute.

How much in this respect they resemble men, who go on piling up wealth long after they have laid by enough to support themselves and their families in comfort! So, though no fable, our story ends with a moral.



A NAUGHTY LITTLE FAIRY.

BESSIE MAY AND HER PROCESSION.

BY ANNA ISABEL LYMAN.

ONCE upon a time there was a little girl named Bessie May. She was very poor—so poor she had nothing to eat and no home at all. She and her mother lived around anywhere they could find shelter. At last things became so bad that they could stand it no longer, and Bessie May said to her mother, "I will go out to seek my fortune."

So she kissed her mother, and saying, "I will not come back until I have made it," she started out.

Soon she met a little dog. He was lame in one foot and was crying.

"Little dog," said she, "you look very sad. What is the matter?"

The little dog answered: "I have no home and no one to take care of me."

"You had better come along with me," said Bessie May. "I am going to seek my fortune. We can do it together. What can you do by way of helping?"

"I can walk fine on my hind legs," said the little dog, "and turn somersaults."

"That will do very nicely," said Bessie May.

So they walked along till they came to a snake lying in the road. The snake said, "Please don't step on me. I am very sad. I have no home, and I don't know how to get on."

"You may come along with us," said Bessie May. "We are going to seek our fortunes. What can you do to help?"

"I can't do much," replied the snake, "but I can take my tail in my mouth and stiffen my body so that I am just like a hoop."

"That will do," said Bessie May. So the snake followed on.

By this time they had reached the woods. Soon they saw an elephant leaning against a tree.

"Elephant," said Bessie May, "we are all going out to seek our fortunes. Don't you want to come along and help? What can you do?"

The elephant thought a little. "I have n't

many tricks," said he, "but I am big and strong and could carry you on my back."

Bessie May was delighted, and scrambled up on his back. And so they started off again.

She said to the little dog and the snake, "You had better catch hold of his tail, so that we all can keep together."

They did as she said. As they went along they met a lot of other animals who wanted to join them. If they could do something, no matter how small, only something interesting, Bessie May would say, "Catch hold of the last animal's tail," and they would start on in a big, long procession.

All the animals who could do nothing, or were too lazy to try, were not allowed to join. They were sorry enough, I can tell you, for the procession appeared such fun—all hanging on to one another's tails, and Bessie May and the elephant in front.

The poor old snake had a hard time to keep up with them. But he hung on tight to the little dog's tail. By and by they came to a monkey sitting in a tree. He said, "My, my! where are you all going?"

They answered, "We are going to seek our fortune. If you can do anything to help, just catch hold of the last animal's tail."

"Well, I *should* say I could do something," returned the monkey, "for I used to live with an organ-grinder, and can dance most beautifully. Besides, I have a lovely red dress, with a hat to match."

Bessie May said, "Hurry up! Fetch the dress, and we'll wait."

So they all sat down while the monkey scampered up a tree. In a moment he came back, putting on the little hat as he ran. Bessie took the dress so as to keep it nice. The monkey caught hold of the last animal's tail, and they all moved on.

Now, the last animal was a donkey. He

thought the monkey held on to his tail tighter than necessary, and grew mad and gave a kick. The monkey he pinched the donkey, and there began to be a fight.

Bessie May heard all the noise, and called the whole procession to stop. She stood up on the elephant's back, and said aloud, so that every one could hear:

"If there is to be any fighting and quarreling there is no use for us to go any further. We never can make our fortunes together unless we agree to be kind and nice to each other, and each tries to do his part to help each along."

The animals all promised to be good. The donkey apologized to the monkey for kicking him in the stomach, and the monkey he apologized to the donkey for pinching him. So they all started off again.

By and by they came to a village. What did they do but prance through the village street just like a circus parade. All the people came out to see, and all the little boys followed along after them. There was a great time, for every one shouted to one another that the circus had come to town. Bessie May stood up on the elephant's back and told the people that the next day they would give a performance.

When the next day arrived a crowd gathered in the field where Bessie May had decided to give the entertainment.

Hundreds of little boys sat on the fence and cheered. Crowds of people stood everywhere except in the middle of the field, where stood Bessie May with all the animals around her in a big ring.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen," said she, "the performance will begin."

With that, out from the ring, right into the middle of the field, stepped the monkey. Well, he gave a dance, I tell you! The people clapped and shouted. Then, when Bessie May called his name, out ran the little dog. He walked on his hind legs, carrying a pan on his head, and turned somersaults too cute for anything. And it was brave of him, for you remember he had a sore paw all the time. You see, he was bound he would do his part in making the entertainment a success.

And then out came the donkey and gave an exhibition of high kicking and loud-voice singing. The people were quite astonished.

All sorts of tricks were done by the different animals. I could n't begin to remember them all. But I must tell about the elephant, the horse, the snake, and the little white cat.

They came into the middle of the field together. The elephant stood still, and upon his back climbed the monkey, holding in his paw—what do you think? It looked just like a hoop. Why, it was the snake, sure enough, with the end of his tail in his mouth. The monkey held out at arm's length this snake hoop, when by came the horse, running at the top of his speed, with white puss-cat standing upon his back. When they came by the snake hoop, white puss-cat leaped right through it and on to the horse's back again. Around the ring they tore till they came to the snake hoop again,—held, you know, by the monkey on the elephant's back,—and through it the puss-cat leaped once more.

The people clapped with delight. They had never before seen a cat jump through a snake hoop. And they had never before seen a snake hoop, you may be sure.

After that there was a pause, and then Bessie May mounted the top of the elephant's back (you see, the elephant was very useful), and sang a little song. Then she said the hat would now be passed by the monkey, and she hoped the people who had enjoyed the performance would drop in as much money as they could. She explained how poor she was, and how she and all the animals had agreed to make their fortunes together.

The people were so pleased with her and the fine entertainment they all had given that they put in so much money the monkey had to ask the dog to help him carry around the hat.

After that the whole procession went with Bessie May back to her mother, who was delighted to see her little girl again.

With the fortune she had brought with her she built a lovely home for herself and her mother, with a beautiful garden all around, where Bessie could sit at her ease, and where the animals lived happy ever after.



HOLIDAYS.

BY ROSE MILLS POWERS.

IF Dorothy her wish would speak
She 'd have her birthday every week.
Just think! And when the year is through,
Her age would gain by *fifty-two*!

If Harriet could have her way
It would be always Christmas Day;
She wishes Santa Claus would come
And make her chimney-place his home.

July the Fourth is Johnny's choice—
The time when all the boys rejoice;
But if that day were always here,
We 'd soon be all burned up, I fear.

And merry old St. Valentine
Would be the choice of Angeline;
But ah! I know if that were so,
The postmen all on strike would go.

So don't you think perhaps it 's best
For holidays, as well, to rest,
And be on hand with joy and cheer
Just once in all the great long year?



A RESCUE IN NO-MAN'S-LAND.



BY WILLIAM B. MACHARG.



SAYS Cap'n
Joseph
Peebles
Of the "Ma-
haraja
A.,"

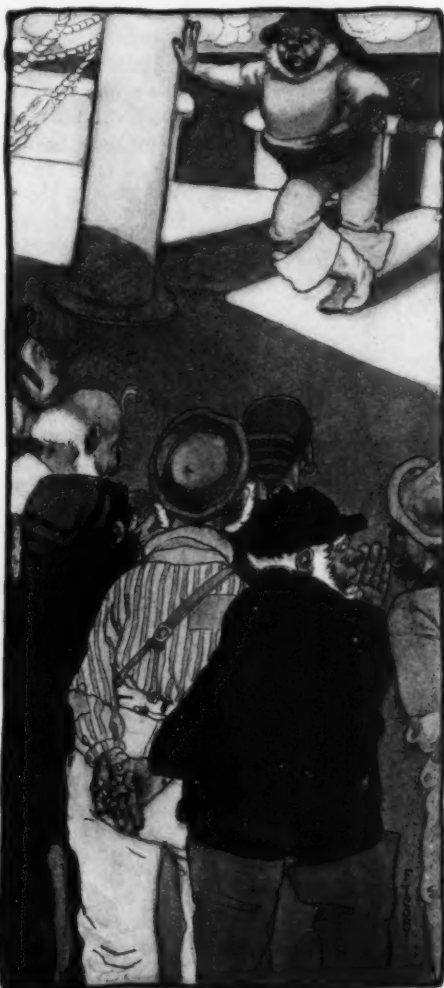
"I don't want no sea-lawyers
Playin' off no sea-law lay.

"Come, holler all th' han'ses up;
I got a word to say!"
An' speakin' of these selfsame words
Pa'tickilar to me,
I hollers all th' han'ses up
To see what they would see.

Th' han'ses then come troopin' aft,
All whiskery roun' th' neck,
Where Cap'n Joseph Peebles
Is a-standin' on th' deck,
An' gathers all respec'ful-like
An' lendin' of a ear
To th' words of Cap'n Peebles
They're expectin' now to hear.

Says Cap'n Joseph Peebles,
A-leanin' 'gainst th' mast:
"I see that mutiny 's arose,
Or is arisin' fast;
I hear you han'ses talkin'
In a mutin-e-ous way,
An' I calls you up pa'tickilar
That I may say my say."

Says Cap'n Joseph Peebles:
"Th' master here is me,
An' when my han'ses they gets up,
I knocks 'em down," says he.
"I ain't no lady-cap'n
In a gold-braid-trimmed blue coat.
I 'm Cap'n Joseph Peebles,
An' I 'm master on this boat.





Wherever I am standin'
That's th' Maharaja A.
If I am towin' by a rope,
Or hangin' in th' air,
Wherever I am, *that 's* th' boat,
An' I 'm th' master there."



Th' han'ses gathers into groups,
Discussin' what is said,
An' many a knotty fist is shook,
An' many a knobby head;
An' Cap'n Joseph Peebles
He turns and goes below;
An' th' clouds come up to nor'-nor'east,
An' th' wind begins to blow.

A storm comes, somethin' awful,
An' th' wind is risin' high,
An' th' clouds is tore to streamers,
Shootin' crossways 'cross th' sky;
An' th' waters rises round us
Tu-mul-tu-ous an' wide,
An' th' dinghy an' th' after-hatch
They both goes overside.

An' lookin' through th' sea-spray,
A sudden sight we catch
Of Cap'n Joseph Peebles
Sittin' on th' after-hatch.

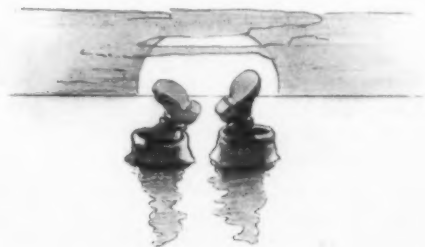
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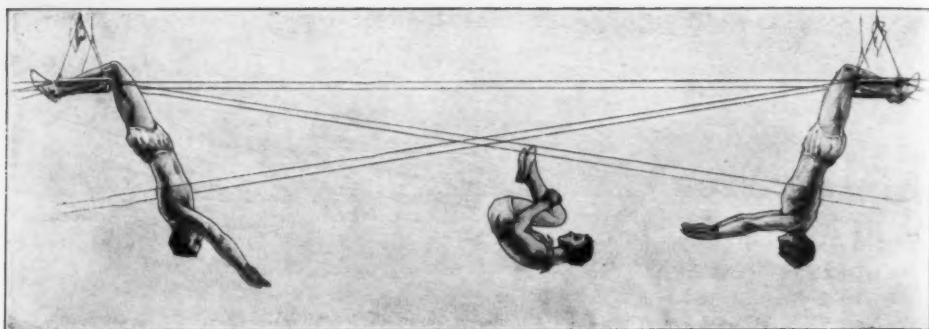
He 's shoutin' for assistance,
An' he 's shoutin' for a rope,
An' now his face is white with fear,
An' now it 's glad with hope.

But to us waitin' han'ses
There comes th' thought of how
He 's give us words an' doin's
That you would n't give a cow;
How he 's hit us with a handspike,
An' give us moldy beans,
An' kicked an' stomped us with his
boots,
An' blowed us up between.

An' says we han'ses, throwin' down
Th' ropes that we had grabbed:
"Ol' Cap'n Joe is caught at last;
Ol' Cap'n Joe is nabbed!
Ho! Cap'n Joseph Peebles,
Now listen what we say:
You says wherever *you* are
Is th' Maharaja A.

"*We 're* sailin' on a boat that ain't
Got any name no more.
That after-hatch there is *your* boat;
So pilot her ashore!"
An' sailin' in that no-name boat,
We come to Whitefish Bay;—
But Cap'n Joe ain't heard from yet,
Nor his Maharaja A.





CAREERS OF DANGER AND DARING.

SEVENTH ARTICLE: THE AËRIAL ATHLETE.

THE CIRCUS AND ITS WORLD—A BOY ACROBAT—HOW PERFORMERS BEGIN—GREAT SKILL AND STRENGTH NECESSARY—FATE OF AN AMBITIOUS AMATEUR—DIFFERENCE MADE BY HEIGHT—HOW TO FALL—GRAVITATION APPARENTLY CONTRADICTED—TALKS WITH ACROBATS—VALUE OF THE TRAINING—JUDGING TENTHS OF A SECOND.

BY CLEVELAND MOFFETT.

WHAT strange things one sees traveling with a circus! Every night there is a mile of trains to be loaded, every morning a tented city to be built. Such hard work for everybody! Two performances a day besides the street procession. And what a busy time in the tents! Leapers getting ready, double-somersault men getting ready, clowns stuffing out false stomachs and chalking their faces, kings of the air buckling on their spangles. Ouf! How glad we all were when five o'clock came, and the concert was over, and the "big top" with its spreading amphitheater and its four great center poles stood silent and empty! That was the leisure hour, the one hour in a circus day when a man could catch his breath.

It was at this five-o'clock hour, one day, that I first saw little Nelson, the boy trapeze performer; and that picture remains among the pleasantest of my circus memories. This sturdy little fellow was one of the circus children, "born on the sawdust," brought up to regard lion-cages as the proper background for a nursery, and thinking of father and mother in

connection with the flying bars and bareback feats. It was Nelson's ambition to follow in his father's steps and become a great artist on the trapeze. Indeed, at this time he felt himself already an artist, and at the hour of rest would walk forth into the middle ring all alone and with the greatest dignity go through his practice. He would not be treated as a child, and scorned any suggestion that he go out and play. Play? He had work to do. Look here! Do you know any *man* who can throw a prettier row of flip-flaps than this? And wait! Here 's a forward somersault! Is it well done or not? Did he come over with a good lift? Like his father, you think? Ah! I can still see his chest swell with pride.

Nelson was not a regular member of the show; he was a child, and merely came along with his parents, the circus being his only home; but occasionally, after much teasing or as a reward for good behavior, his father would lead the boy forth before a real audience. And how they would applaud as the trim little figure in black-and-yellow tights rose slowly to the

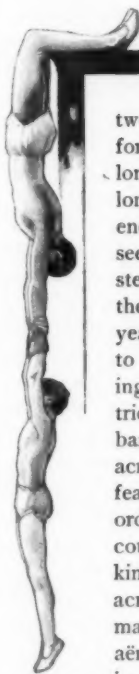
tent-top, feet together, body arched back, teeth set on the thong of the pulley line that his father held anxiously!

And how the women would catch their breath when Nelson, hanging by his knees in the long swing, would suddenly pretend to slip, seem to fall, and then catch the bar cleverly by his heels and sweep far out over the spread of faces, arms folded, head back, and a look that said plainly: "Don't you people see what an artist I am? Good business, is n't it?"

This boy possessed the

young man from Grand Rapids, Michigan, where he learned his first somersaults tumbling about on sawdust piles. And at sixteen he was the only boy in the region who could do the giant swing. Whereupon along came a circus with an acrobat who needed a "brother," and Nagel got the job. Two days later he began performing in the ring, and since then—that was ten years ago—he has n't missed a circus day.

The act that has given these three their fame includes a swing, a leap, and



two great requisites in a trapeze performer, absolute fearlessness and a longing to perform in the air—which longing made him willing to take endless pains in learning. It would seem that acrobats differ from divers, steeple-climbers, lion-tamers, and the rest in this, that from their early years they have been strongly drawn to the career before them, to leaping, turning in the air, and difficult tricks on the trapeze and horizontal bars. The acrobat must be born an acrobat, not so much because his feats might not be learned by an ordinary man with the requisite courage, but because the particular kind of courage needed to make an acrobat is not found in the ordinary man. In other words, to be an aerial leaper or an artist on the flying bars is quite as much a matter of heart as of agility and muscle. There are men who know how to do these things, but *can't*."

In illustration of this let me present three of my circus friends, Weitzel and Zorella and Danny Ryan, trapeze professionals whose daring and skill are justly celebrated. Zorella's real name, I may say, is Nagel, and so far from being a dashing foreigner, he is a quiet-spoken

a catch, which seems simple enough until one learns the length and drop of that swing, and how the leapers turn in the air, and what momentum their bodies have as they shoot toward the man hanging for the catch from the last bar. It is Weitzel who catches the other two. He was "understander" in a "brother" act before he learned the trapeze; and the man who earns his living by holding two or three men on his head and shoulders while they do tricks of balancing is pretty sure to build up a strong body. And Weitzel needs all his strength when Danny springs from the pedestal over there at the tent-top fifty-two feet away, and, swinging through a half-circle thirty-six feet across, comes the last sixteen feet flying free, and turning twice as he comes. For all his brawny arms, Weitzel would be torn away by the clutch of that hurling mass, were not the strain eased by the stretch of fourteen thongs of rubber, seven on a side, that support his bar cords. And sometimes, as the leapers catch, the bar sags full four feet, and then, as they "snap off" down to the net, springs nine feet up, so that Weitzel's head has many a time bumped on the top support.

The catcher-man must hold himself ready for a dozen different leaps, must watch for the safety clutch where the four hands grip first at the elbows, then slide down the forearms to the wrists and hold there where the tight-bound handkerchiefs jam; he must know how to seize Zorella by the ankles when he shoots at him feet up after a backward double; he must know how to land Danny when he comes turning swiftly with eyes blindfolded and body bound in a sack.

All these feats are hard enough to do, yet still harder, one might say, is the mere starting to do them. There are scores of acrobats, well skilled in doubles and shoots and twisters, who would not for their lives go up on the pedestal whence Ryan and Zorella make their spring, and simply take the first long swing hanging from the trapeze. Nothing else, simply take the swing!

The fact is, there is an enormous difference between working on horizontal bars say ten feet above ground, and on the same bars thirty feet above ground, or between a trapeze act with leaps after a moderate swing, and the same act with leaps after a long swing. Often I have watched Ryan and Zorella in their poise on the pedestal, so high up that the wires holding the trapeze reach out to them almost horizontal; and even on the ground it has made me dizzy to see them lean forward for the bar which falls short of the pedestal, so that they can barely catch it with the left-hand fingers, while the right hand clings to the pedestal brace. They need the send of that initial spring to give them speed, but—

Well, there was a very powerful and active man in Columbus, Ohio, a kind of local athlete, who agreed, on a wager, to swing off from the pedestal as Danny and Zorella did. And one day a small company gathered at the practice hour to see him do it. He said it was easy enough. His friends chaffed him and vowed he "could n't do it in a hundred years." The big man climbed up the swinging ladder to the starting-place, and stood there looking down. When you stand on the pedestal the ground seems a long way below you, and there is little comfort in the net. The big man said nothing, but began to get pale. He had the trapeze-bar

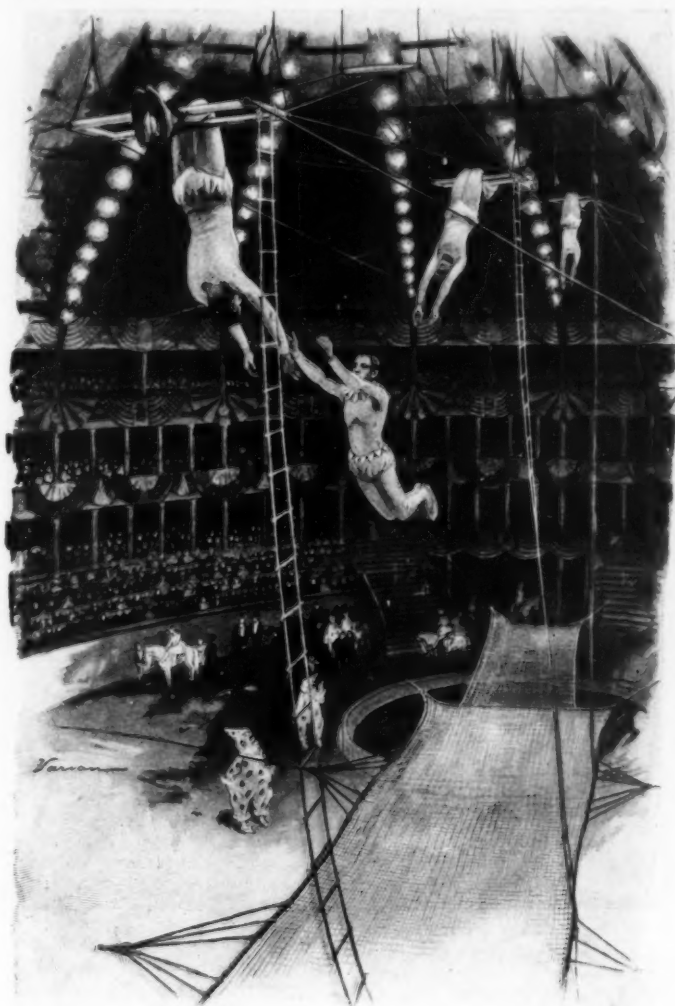
all right with one hand; the thing was, to let go with the other.

For ten minutes the big man stood there. He said he was n't in a hurry. His friends continued to joke him. One man urged him to come down. The professionals told him he'd better not try it if he was afraid—at which the others laughed, and that settled it, for the big man *was* afraid; but he was stubborn, too, and, rising on his toes, he threw his right arm forward and swung free. He caught the bar safely with his right hand, swept down like a great pendulum, and at the lowest point of the swing was ripped away from the bar with the jerk of his two hundred pounds, and went skating along the length of the net on his face until he was a sorry-looking object with the scratch of the meshes. Not one athlete in twenty, they say, without special training, could hold that bar after such a drop, and not one in a hundred would try it unprepared. To hold a trapeze in a drop of ten or twelve feet would be fairly easy; to hold the trapeze in a drop of eighteen feet is quite another thing.

Zorella cited a case in point where a first-class acrobat was offered a much larger salary by a rival circus to become the partner of an expert on the high bars. "This man was crazy to accept," said Zorella, "and I was anxious to have him, for at that time I was with the rival circus, and he was a friend of mine. Well, everything was settled, and they did their act together on the low bars in great shape. Then they tried it on the high bars, and the new man stuck right at the go-off. Queerest thing you ever saw. He had to start on the end bar with a giant swing,—that gives 'em their send, you know,—then do a backward single to the middle bar, then a shoot on to the last bar, and from there drop with somersaults down to the net. All this was as easy for him on the low bars as turning your hand over, but when he got up high—well, he had n't the nerve to let go of the first bar after the giant swing. He kept going round and round, and just stuck there. Seemed as if his hands were nailed fast to that bar. We talked to him, and reasoned with him, and he tried over and over again, but it was no use. He could drop from the last bar, he could shoot from the middle bar,

but to save his life he could n't let go of the first bar. I don't know whether he was afraid, or what; but he could n't do it, and the end of it was, he had to give up the offer, although to miss the chance nearly broke his heart."

gradually from easy things to harder ones—a straight leap, then one somersault, then two. And foot by foot the pedestal is lifted until the body overcomes its shrinking. Even so I saw Zorella one day scratched and bruised from



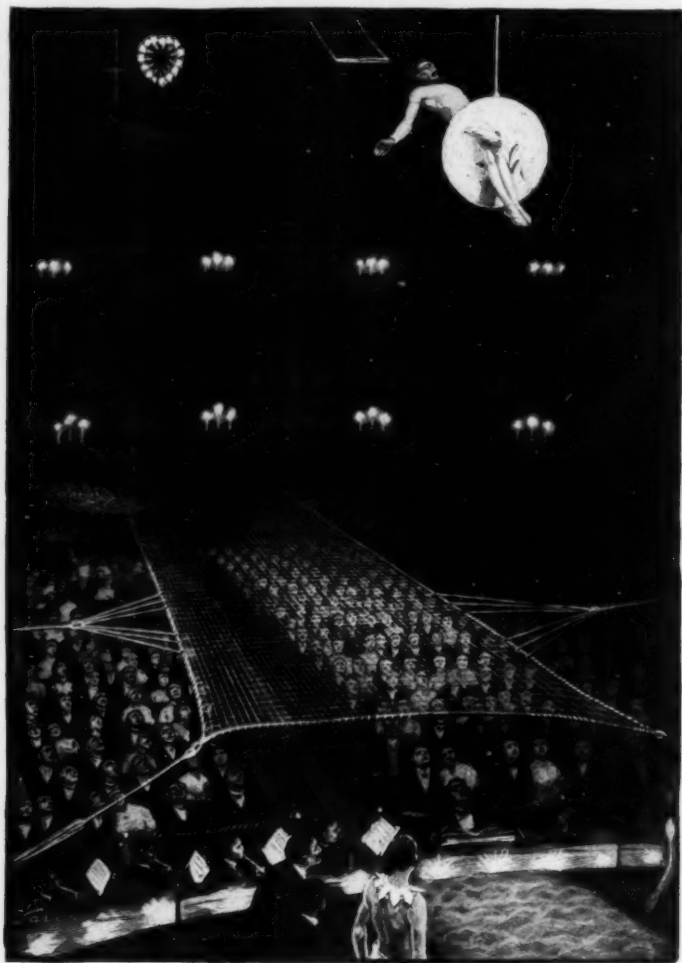
"AS THEY SHOOT TOWARD THE MAN HANGING FOR THE CATCH FROM THE LAST BAR."

And even acrobats accustomed to working at heights feel a lump in their throats in the early spring when they begin practising for a new season. The old tricks have always in a measure to be learned over again, and they work

many failures in the trick where Weitzel catches him by the ankles. Here, after the long swing, he must shoot ahead feet first as if for a backward somersault, and then, changing suddenly, do a turn and a half forward, and dive

past Weitzel with body whirling so as to bring his legs over just right for the catch. And every time they missed he of course fell, and

In talking with these men I was surprised to learn that a trapeze performer in perfect practice, say in mid-season, may suddenly, without



THROUGH A PAPER BALLOON, AT THE END OF A GREAT FEAT.

must let himself go down to the safety-net. And this is not always a harmless fall. He risked striking the net on his forehead, which is the most dangerous thing an acrobat can do. To save his neck he must squirm around, as a cat turns, and land on his back; which is not so easy to do in the fraction of a second, and when you may be dazed by an accidental glancing blow of the catcher-man's arm.

knowing why, begin to hesitate or blunder in a certain trick that he has done without a slip for years. This happened to Danny Ryan in the fall of 1900, when he found himself growing more and more uncertain of his difficult pirouette leap, a feat invented by himself in 1896, and never done by another performer. Danny did it first when he used to play the clown with the acrobats who do graceful

somersaults over elephants and horses. With them Danny would come, made up as a fat man, and do a backward somersault and a full twister at the same time, the effect being a queer corkscrew turn that made the people laugh. They little suspected that this awkward-looking twist and turn was one of the most difficult feats in the air ever attempted, or that to become perfect in it had cost Ryan weeks of patient practice and many a hard knock before he mastered it.

And then one day, after doing it hundreds of times with absolute ease, he did it badly, then he did it worse, then he fell, and finally began to be afraid of it and left it out of the act. Acrobats shake their heads when you ask for an explanation of a thing like that. They don't know the explanation, but they dread the thing.

"When a man feels that way about a trick, he's got to quit it for a while," said Ryan, "or he'll get hurt. 'Most all the accidents happen where a performer forces himself against something inside him that says stop. Sometimes an acrobat has to give up his work entirely. Now, there's Dunham,—you've heard of him,—the greatest performer in the world on high bars. He can command any salary he wants. Graceful? Well, you ought to see him let go from his giant swing and do a back somersault over the middle bar and catch the third! And now they say he's gone out of the business. He's had a feeling—it's something like fear, but it is n't fear—that he's worked on high bars long enough."

Speaking of leaps over elephants brings to my mind an afternoon when I watched some somersault men practising in a suburb, a week before the show to which they belonged opened its season at the Madison Square Garden, New York. There had been all sorts of rehearsing that day out in the open air, and to my mind the rehearsing of a circus offers a keener and more human interest than the actual performance. The acrobats and riders in their everyday clothes are more like ordinary men and women, and their feats seem the more difficult for occasional slips and failures.

Here, for instance, are a mother and daughter, in shirt-waists, and watching the trick monkey ride a pony, when suddenly a whistle sounds,

and off goes the mother to drive three plunging horses in a chariot-race, while the daughter hurries to her part in an equestrian quadrille. And now these children playing near the dripping elephants trot into the ring and do wonderful things on bicycles. And yonder sleepy-looking man is a lion-tamer; and those three are the famous Potters, aerial leapers; and this thick-set fellow in his shirt-sleeves is Andressi, the best jumper in the circus. He's going to practise now; see, they are putting up the spring-board and the long downward run that leads to it. These other men are jumpers, too, but Andressi is the star; he draws the big salary.

Now they start and spring off rather clumsily, one after another, in straight leaps to the mattress. They won't come into good form for some days yet. Here they come again, a little faster, and two of them try singles. Here comes Andressi. Ah! a double forward, and prettily taken. The crowd applauds. Now a tall man tries a double. Gradually the practice gets hotter until every man is doing his best. There will be stiff joints here in the morning, but never mind!

In a resting-spell I sat down by Andressi and talked with him about his work. It was hard, he said, leaping off a spring-board into empty air. Did n't know how it was, but he could always do better with something to leap over, say elephants or horses. He could judge the mattress easier; was n't so apt to miss it. What was his biggest leap? Well, four elephants and three camels was about his best, with a pyramid of men on top. He'd cleared that twice a day for weeks some years ago, but he would n't do it now. No, sir; four elephants was enough for any man to leap over if he had a wife and child. That made a flight of thirty feet, anyhow, from the spring-board to the ground. Oh, yes, he turned two somersaults on the way—forward somersaults. It was n't possible for anybody to clear four elephants and turn backward somersaults.

He went on to tell how he had made acrobats of his wife and daughter, and in our talk he put forth the theory that any ordinary woman may become a good trapeze performer in a few months if she has the right instruction.

I asked Andressi (his real name is Andress) about a leap with three somersaults, and found him positive that such a feat will never become part of a regular circus programme. A man can turn the three somersaults all right, but he loses

three, and, by a miracle of fortune, landed safely. That was his first and last triple; he was n't taking chances of a broken neck or a twisted spine, which had been the end of more than one ambitious leaper. No, sir; he would stick



"FOUR ELEPHANTS WAS ENOUGH FOR ANY MAN TO LEAP OVER."

control of himself, and does n't know whether he is coming down right or wrong. In fact, he is sure to come down wrong if he does it often. Then he mentioned the one case where he himself had made a leap with three somersaults. It was down in Kentucky at the home of his boyhood. Years had passed since he had seen the town, and in that time he had risen from nothing to a blaze of circus glory. He had become the "Great Andressi" instead of little Willie Andress, and now he was to appear before the people who knew him.

It was perhaps the most exciting moment of his life, and as he came down the run toward the spring-board he nerved himself to so fine an effort that instead of doing two somersaults over the horses and elephants, as he intended, he did

to doubles, where a man knows exactly what he's doing.

In talking with acrobats, I came upon an interesting phenomenon that seems almost like a violation of the laws of gravitation. It appears that the movements of a performer on the bars or trapeze are affected in a marked degree by the slope of the ground underneath. In other words, although bars and trapeze may rest on supports that are perfectly level, yet the swing of an acrobat's body will be accelerated over a downward slope or retarded over an upward slope. So true is this that the trapeze performer in an "uphill swing" will often require all his strength to reach a given point, while in a "downhill swing" he will "hold back," lest he reach it too easily and

suffer a collision. Nevertheless, the swing in both cases is precisely the same, with rigging and bars fixed in precisely the same way, the only difference being that in the one case the ground slopes up, while in the other it slopes down.

On this point there have been endless arguments, and many persons have contended that acrobats must imagine all this, since the upward or downward slope of the ground under a trapeze can in no way affect the movement of that trapeze. I fancy the wisdom of such people is like that of the professors who proved some years ago that it is a physical impossibility for a ball-player to "pitch a curve." There is no doubt that trapeze performers are obliged to take serious account of the ground's slope in their daily work, to note carefully the amount of slope and the direction of slope, and to take their precautions accordingly. If they did not they would fail in their feats. Those are the facts to which all acrobats bear witness, let scientists explain them as they may.

"Suppose the ground slopes to one side or the other under your trapeze," I asked Ryan, one day. "How does that affect you?"

"It draws you down the slope, and makes your bar swing that way."

"What do you do about it?"

"Sometimes I pull the bar over a little in starting, so as to balance the pull of the hill; but that 's uncertain. It 's better to fix the rigging so that the bar is a little higher on the downhill side."

Ryan said that a straight-ahead downhill slope is the worst for a man, because he is apt to hold back too hard, being afraid of bumping into his partner, and so he does n't get send enough, and falls short of his mark.

"But all slopes are bad for us," he said, "and we try hard to get our things put up over level ground."

This is but one instance of the jealous care shown by acrobats for their bars and rigging.

These things belong not to the circus, but to the individual performers, who put every brace and knot to the severest test. For the high bars a particular kind of hickory is used with a core of steel inside. Every mesh of the net must resist a certain strain. The bars them-

selves must be neither too dry nor too moist. The light must come in a certain way, and a dozen other things. Many an accident has come through the failure of some little thing.

St. Belmo, the daring acrobat who leaps from a high pedestal to his trapeze through a heart of knives and fire, told me, one day, that his most serious accident came because some one was careless in fastening a snap-hook that held his trapeze, and when, on this occasion, he came through the blades and flames head first, and reached for the bar, the bar had swung away, and he plunged on smash down to the ground, and broke both legs.

"Did n't you look for the bar before you made the leap?" I questioned.

He shook his head. "I never see the bar for the dazzle of fire. I know where it must be, and leap for that place. If it is n't there, why—" He pointed down to his legs, and smiled ruefully.

This much is certain, that acrobats often suffer without serious injury falls that would put an end to ordinary men. Like bareback riders, they *know how to fall*, this art consisting chiefly in "tucking up" into a ball and hardening the muscles so that the shock is eased. Also they have by practice acquired the power of deciding instantly how to make the body protect itself in an emergency.

"Now," said Ryan, "I 'll give you a case where two of us did some quick thinking, and it helped a lot. We were with a circus in Australia, making a night run. It was somewhere in New South Wales, and every man was asleep in his bunk. First thing we knew, bang, rip, tear! a drowsy engineer had smashed into us and taken the rear truck of our sleeper clean off, and there were the floor timbers of our car bumping along over the ties. We had the last car.

"Our engineer never slowed up, and our floor was going into kindling-wood fast. It was as dark as pitch, and nobody said a word. Fred Reynolds and I—Reynolds was a clown acrobat—had lower berths right at the end next to the negro porter, and I don't say we escaped because we were acrobats, but—well, this is what we did. Fred gave one mighty leap, just like going over elephants, and cleared the whole

trail of wreckage that was pounding along behind the car, and landed safe on the track. It was a crazy thing to do, in my opinion, but it worked. I made a leap for the chandelier, and hung there until the train stopped."

In talking with one of the Potters I learned that in trapeze work everything depends on judging time. "We have to know when to do things by feeling the time they take," said he. "Say it's a long double swing, where the men cross and change bars. Each man grabs or lets go at the second or part of a second when the watch inside him says it's time to grab or let go. That's the only watch he has, and it's the only one he needs."

"And he dives by the sense of time?"

"That's right."

"And does triple somersaults by the sense of time?"

"Certainly he does. He can't see. What could you see falling and whirling? A gymnast has no different eyes from any other man. He's got to feel how long he must keep on turning. And it's good-by gymnast if his feeling is a quarter of a second out of the way."

Here was something to think about. Precision of movement to tenths of a second, with no guidance but a man's own intuition of time, and a life depending on it!

"Can a man regulate the speed of his turning while he is in the air?"

"Certainly he can. That's the first thing you learn. If you want to turn faster you tuck up your knees and bend your head so the chin almost touches your breast. If you want to turn slower you stretch out your legs and straighten up your head. The main thing is your head. Whichever way you point that your body will follow. In our act we do a long drop from the top of the tent, where you shoot straight down, head first, for fifty or sixty feet, and never move a muscle until you are two feet over the net; then you duck your head everlastingly quick, and land on your shoulders."

I asked Mr. Potter how long a drop would be possible for a gymnast. He thought a hundred feet might be done by a man of unusual nerve, but he pointed out that the peril increases enormously with every twenty feet you

add, say to a drop of forty feet. When you have dropped sixty feet you are falling thirty-five miles an hour; when you have dropped eighty feet you are falling nearly sixty miles an hour; and so on. It seemed incredible that a man shooting down head first at such velocity would wait before turning until only two feet separated him from the net.

"It can't be," said I, "that in one of these straight drops a gymnast is guided only by his sense of time?"

Potter hesitated a moment. "You mean that he uses his eyes to know when to turn? I guess he does a little, although it is mostly sense of time."

"You would n't get a man to do it blindfolded?" I suggested.

"Not a straight drop, no; but a drop with somersaults, yes."

"What, two somersaults down to the net, blindfolded?"

"Yes, sir; that would be easy. I tell you, a man's eyes don't help him when he's turning in the air. Why, Tom and I would throw that boy of mine, Royetta, across from one to the other, he turning doubles, just the same whether he was blindfolded or not. It would n't make any difference.

"I'll tell you another thing," he continued, "that may surprise you. It's possible for a fine gymnast to swing from a bar, say sixty feet above the net, turn a back somersault,—what we call a cast somersault,—then shoot straight down head first for thirty feet, and then tuck up and turn a forward somersault, landing on his shoulders. I could n't do it myself ever since I got hurt down in Mexico, but Tom Hanlon could. I mention this to show what control a man can get over his body in the air. He can make it turn one way, then go straight, and then turn the other way."

After a few expressions of wonder at this statement, I asked Mr. Potter if something might not go wrong with this wonderful automatic time-machine that a gymnast carries within himself. Of course there might, he said, and that is why there is such need of practice. Let a man neglect his trapeze for a couple of months and he would be almost like a beginner. And even the best gymnasts, he

admitted, men in the pink of training, are liable to sudden and unaccountable disturbances of mind or heart that make them for the moment unequal to their most familiar feats.

In spite of its manifest hazards, Potter insists that there is no healthier life than a gymnast leads. "We never are ill," he said; "we never take cold; we travel through all sorts of fever-stricken countries and never catch anything; and we always feel well. Look at that boy of mine! He's seventeen years old, and he's got a chest on him like a man. Thirty-eight inches is what it measures. Why, I can't find a boy's coat that'll fit him."

He went on to point out some plain advantages, in addition to health, that ordinary citizens might derive from a moderate knowledge of trapeze work. In a fire, for instance, a man so trained would have little difficulty in saving himself and others by climbing and swinging. And firemen themselves would double their efficiency by regular practice on high bars.

Again, in case of a runaway, a man familiar with the trapeze knows how and when to spring for the bridle of a plunging horse. Or should he find himself almost under the wheels of a trolley car, he can leap for the top and swing up to safety on the platform. That is an easy trick. Thus in many emergencies the flying bars would prove their value.

"I'll give you a case," said Potter, "where the training we get helped a good deal. It was a season when I was working with the Barnum outfit. We were showing in the East, and during the hippodrome races a little girl

got away from her people somehow, and the first thing anybody knew, there she was under the guard-rail and out on the track, with three four-horse chariots not a hundred feet off and coming on a dead run. As the crowd saw the child they gave a great 'Uff!' in fear, and lots of women screamed. It was n't in human power to stop those horses, and it seemed as if the little tot must be killed.

"She was about half-way across the track when I started for her. Lots of men would have started just as I did, but very few would have gone at just the right angle to save her. Most men would have tried to run straight across, but I was sure the horses would trample me and the child, too, if I tried that. So I came toward her on a slant, running across and away from the horses, and I caught her little body as a gymnast knows how, did n't waste any time at it, and then—hoo!—we were over, with the hot breath of those horses on our necks.

"If it had n't been for the practice I've had judging time and distance, we'd both have been killed that trip."

I may say, in conclusion, that, despite its hazards, most acrobats take kindly to the life they lead, and are of one mind as to its fortifying health. There seems no doubt that circus performers are benefited by their open-air existence, by the constant exercise of their bodies, and by the regular and temperate habits that they have to maintain, for it is plain that no man who does not take the best possible care of himself can excel as an athlete.

(THE NEXT ARTICLE IN THIS SERIES WILL BE "THE WILD-BEAST TAMER.")



THE STORY OF BARNABY LEE.

By JOHN BENNETT.

(Author of "Master Skylark.")

[This story was begun in the November number.]

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE END OF THE EMBASSY.

"Ay, 't was a very good embassy," said Captain Martin Kregier, "until that firebrand envoy went off like a keg of powder. Sit; I'll tell thee how it was.

"We had all marched up to the council-house in very nice array. I had put on my Spanish breastplate and burnished my old steel cap. The sun was out, and it was exceedingly hot. The cows stood in the shadows, and along the low hills I could see the wheat shimmer.

"The Maryland gentlemen were sitting upon the assembly-house porch, smoking, as we came up. Their wigs were off, and they were taking life easy. There was a footman going about with a flask, filling up their glasses. He had on a coat of fine blue camlet, with the Baltimore arms embroidered in silver on the sleeve. Augustine Heermans was there. He was a member of the Council, had a private deer park, and could talk six languages; but that did not make him proud. I knew him in New Amsterdam—a plain, honest fellow. He came down the steps to meet me, took me by the hand, went up with us to the porch, and introduced us all around.

"There was a heap of pretty captains and of majors,—aristocrats, the whole lot,—and all dressed handsomely in merry-colored plush coats and silver-buckled waistcoats. Those Maryland gentlemen think a deal of themselves, and hold their heads high; but they met us well, and saluted us with courtesy.

"Van Sweringen carried himself as fair as any. He had on a coat of crimson velvet and a sash of crimson silk, and his long hair was gathered back with a bow of crimson ribbon.

I never saw him more gallant, more daring, or more gay.

"The Governor looked like a prince. His hair was tied with a silver ribbon; his coat was blue, and was edged with silver, and he wore two pair of silk stockings, the outer ones white and the inner ones red, rolled down upon the others. His shoes were black with scarlet laces, and he wore a gold locket on a chain around his neck.

"There was one fellow making a mighty spread in a suit of scarlet velvet. He was standing behind the Governor when we came up on the porch. As soon as I saw him I knew him, though I never had seen his face. He was the man I had seen in the government office, but he had his wig on now. He was kin to my young Lord Baltimore, they said, and was Vice-Chancellor of Maryland; but, upon my word, he reminded me of the moldy smell in a cellar. He had an underhung jaw like a cod-fish, and a look in his eye like a magpie that has stolen a marrow-bone out of a kitchen and can't find a place to hide it. He sneaked around with his shoulders drooped and his squinted eyes peering and peeping, until I longed to give him a buffet and see him measure his length on the floor. But he was the Governor's kinsman, so I waited to meet him anon.

"The Assembly convened with a ruffle of drums. I believe there was only one drummer; but the fellow beat as if his life depended on the racket, and the hounds that were lying asleep in the grass set up such a woeful howling thereat that we all marched into the council-hall as deaf as a musket-butt.

"The floor of the council-hall was brick, and the seats were oaken benches. At one side was a long oak table, where the Governor and the Vice-Chancellor sat with the Colonial Secretary. There was a small round table near

them for the clerk of the Assembly, and before them an open space of floor where the advocates made their pleas. Mynheer Van Sweringen sat to the left with Tierck Van Ruyn at a little desk, and Albert and I sat on a bench that was over by the window.

"The Assembly clerk opened the conference with a long string of Latin. I studied Latin at the school, and know it when I hear it. Then my young Lord Baltimore began the argument. I listened; but, prutt! for all I knew, it might as well have been Greek. Had they talked of siege or of escalade I might have understood them; when it comes to statecraft I know nothing. I felt I was nigh on to roasting; the sweat ran down my face; but Mynheer Van Sweringen looked as cool as a pocketful of snowballs. He was a match for any and all of them. Why, his tongue was as sharp as a dagger! He turned their arguments inside out as a man would turn his pocket.

"I thought the argument never would end. The afternoon ran on, and the hot air from the road crept in and out at the open window. The wind was in the southeast, what little wind there was, which was hardly enough to stir the grass. I could see the river shining.

"Now and then the Vice-Chancellor put in a word or two; but Van Sweringen doubled him up so quickly with some rapier-keen retort, that at last he only sat peering about and twisting his hands together, and looking as if he wished that he were ten thousand miles away.

"I wished myself that I had left my Spanish breastplate in the ship's cabin, for I was as hot as a bowl of soup. Then some of the Maryland gentlemen began to nid-nid-nod, and the doorkeeper was fast asleep.

"At last the Governor looked up from the papers spread before him, and 'Mynheer Van Swerrington,' said he, 'we shall have to leave the rest of this to be settled by our superiors. I have no authority to venture further.'

"'Very well,' replied Van Sweringen, and began to gather his papers. 'Then we are both to keep to our boundaries, and there will be no invasions?'

"'That is precisely the meaning I wish to

convey,' said the Governor. 'There shall be no invasions—on our part. That much I can promise.'

"I saw Van Sweringen wet his lips. 'That is all I have sought,' he said. But I could see his dark eyes shine. They looked hot and dry; and, somehow, though he had won his point, there was a set look on his face as though they had worn his patience out with their fol-de-riddle-de-rols. His lips were compressed, and his brows were drawn, and there was a tense, brimstonny air about him that would have made the wildest blade think thrice ere he ventured to cross him.

"The Governor leaned back in his chair, stretching out his feet before him, and 'Well, Mynheer Van Swerrington,' said he, with his boyish smile, 'you are a shrewd ambassador; upon my soul ye are. I would rather ye stood with us than against us any day.'

"Mynheer Van Sweringen bowed, and 'Merci, m'sieu!' he said dryly.

"'Why not come down here and join us, and leave that pack of traders? Why, sure, I 've a sheriff's office, man, that 's fairly whooping for ye to fill it.'

"Mynheer Van Sweringen lifted his head with a little haughty jerk. 'Your Excellency forgets,' said he, 'that I was born a Dutchman.' 'Fine!' said I to myself. 'Ach, prutt! but that was a good reply. I should like to make replies like that!' Ah-h, he was a brainy fellow!

"The Governor looked up at him frankly. 'Now, true,' said he; 'that is so. And ye would not sell your birthright for all our English pot-tage? Well, I like ye the better for it; upon my soul I do!'

"And then they took another turn on diplomatic matters. I was not made for a diplomat. I just looked out at the window. I was very well satisfied indeed with the way things were going for us.

"Then, all at once, there came a hush. I felt my hair stand up. 'Your Excellency, these are very strange words,' I heard Van Sweringen saying. I turned to the room. I could just hear what he said, for his voice was strangely lowered. 'Your Excellency,' said he, 'these are strange words indeed! I do not know how to take them.'

"Ye may take them as ye please, mynheer," said Master Charles Calvert, simply; and, upon my soul, I think he meant but fair interpretation of whatever it was he had said.

"But Mynheer Van Sweringen's face turned white. I had seen it turn so before. 'Are you aware of their bearing?' said he to the Governor, drawing himself up slowly like a soldier on parade.

"Quite aware," said the Governor.

"Then thou liest!" said Van Sweringen.

"I will say this much for the Governor: though his face went pale as death, 't was from concern, and not from fear. Then all at once he flushed blood-red.

"Mynheer, unsay that!" he cried, and put out his hands in a boyish way. 'Oh, I beg of ye, unsay that!'

"Wilt thou unsay what thou hast said?"

"Nay, man; the thing is true."

"Then I have said what I have said; and there is no unsaying it," said Van Sweringen. And with that on a sudden his face blazed crimson as if it had burst in flame. 'And this,' said he, 'that thou hast twice spoken dishonor to my lords!'

"There came a crack like a pistol-shot, and a quick cry in the room. 'Ods-nails!' I cried, and sprang to my feet, and ran to where Van Sweringen was standing. For, as Master Charles Calvert stood there like a school-boy at the form, his hands outstretched before him, seeking reconciliation, that hot-headed envoy, flaring up like a pan of pistol-powder, had struck him twice across the face with the ends of his doeskin gloves.

"I never knew what had angered him so. What with the flurry then, and all that followed after it, my head was in a whirl. It was enough for me, just then, to know that he had struck the Governor.

"I saw the lean Vice-Chancellor fall backward out of his chair, and the gentlemen come running up from the other parts of the hall. The Governor was standing with his hands outstretched. His face was white as a sheet; he looked dazed.

"Mynheer, why did ye strike me?" he cried, dropping his outstretched hands at his side with a gesture of despair. 'I sought no

quarrel with ye. I only meant to warn ye. I sought no quarrel with ye; why, I love ye well!'

"With that he lifted his hand and felt his cheek where the marks of the glove could still be seen. 'But this hath passed the bounds of love,' he cried out pathetically, 'and leaves nothing more but the murdering!'

"Van Sweringen made no reply to this speech; but I could see he was deeply moved; for, upon my soul, those two young fools loved each other. Van Sweringen's eyes grew soft, and the Governor's mouth puckered up as if it were full of trouble. The gentlemen had gathered close about the Vice-Chancellor, and were eying us pretty fiercely. I stared back at them, look for look, and 'Mynheer,' said I, softly touching Van Sweringen's elbow, 'yonder scarlet velvet rogue sits heavily on my conscience!' He laid his hand upon mine, and said in a very low voice, 'Be still.'

"Then the Governor looked around him with a rueful smile. 'What must be, must, I suppose,' he said, shrugging his shoulders. Then he went to a writing-desk under the window, took a sheet of paper from a pigeon-hole, and wrote his cartel with a long, white quill, while we stood there and watched.

"When he finished, he turned to one of the gentlemen, a Master Thomas Nottly, a fine, tall man in a dark-blue coat, and handing the cartel to him, 'Tom,' said he, 'will ye be so good as to second me in this matter?'

"Why, sure," said Master Nottly. 'It will be the sweetest pleasure.' And with that he came across the room and handed the paper to me, Mynheer Van Sweringen quietly bowing.

"Now, I am no hand at any English excepting the kind in the copy-book; so I said, 'Mynheer Van Sweringen, please read this out to me!'

"He took the challenge out of my hand, and read it softly aloud. We were to meet upon the morrow, at daybreak, at a place by a wall in the meadow, and the weapons were to be small swords, as is proper; for it surely is no gentleman's trick to blow holes in a man with a hand-gun.

"I thought that perhaps some of them might laugh because I could not read English, and so I kept my eye on them; but they all looked

grave enough. There was a man among them named Simeon Drew. I believe he was an advocate; at any rate, he was an odd conceit. 'What's this?' said he. 'A duel? Why, here, this is a scandal! Put the rascals in the jail!'

"Master Drew," said the Governor, 'it is very evident that there are some things in courtesy which you do not understand.'

"Understand?" said Master Drew. 'I understand enough, your Excellency. Men's skins are not made for buttonholes. 'T is cursed nonsense.'

"Would ye please me, Master Drew?" asked the Governor.

"I have ever done so," said Drew.

"Then say no more about buttonholes; we are not a pair of tailors. Where's Cousin Philip?" he asked suddenly.

"Here he is," replied one of the gentlemen. 'Why, nay, bless my soul! He's gone. Why, he was here only a moment since, standing at my elbow. How the dickens could he go? I had my hand on him.'

"But he was gone from the room, though no one had seen him go. 'He seems to be cultivating a knack for surprising disappearances,' said another one of the gentlemen, a Master Baker Brooke. 'T is the third time to-day I have wanted him and found him suddenly gone, vanished as utterly and completely as if he had been a ghost.'

"But just then the bell at the Governor's house began to ring for supper. The discussion ceased; we all fell into line, and marched up to the Governor's mansion. He would not hear to a word of our supping elsewhere. And I had such an appetite from sitting still so long that I clean forgot the Vice-Chancellor in thinking of what I should eat.

"As we passed the custom-office, our skipper came out at the door. 'Mynheer,' said he, 'we are ready to sail whenever ye come aboard.'

"Very good," replied Mynheer Van Sweringen. 'We will come aboard in the morning. Hast fresh filled the water-butts?'

"Ja," rejoined the skipper.

"It is well," said Van Sweringen, quietly. 'I hate my drinking foul.'

"I could but admire his placid bearing in the face of all that was before us."

CHAPTER XXIV.

IN THE SPRING-HOUSE.

MEANWHILE Barnaby, knowing naught of what had come to pass in the Council, sat at the rear of the Governor's house, watching the serving-men fetch up the supper from the kitchen to the hall.

Above his head red and green parakeets whirled to and fro among the sycamores, filling the air with their unmusical screams; about the doors of the kitchen spotted foxhounds wagged their tails and whined their hungry petitions at the servants' heels.

The housekeeper came to the hall door. "Hullo, there, you boy," she said; "have ye eaten your fill, that ye sit so quiet?"

"I have not eaten at all," said he.

"Then you'd better be eating," she said. "Here, Molly! Ho, Molly! Molly, I say! Molly Hawley!"

A maid came out of the kitchen door and hurried through the square. She was a sturdy girl with coarse black hair and bright-red cheeks and lips, and walked with a free stride, her hands swinging.

"Molly," said the housekeeper, "take this lad to the milk-house and feed him. Don't leave a cavity."

"We 'm got no cavity, mum," replied Molly. "I 'll give him a bowl of bread and milk. Here, you boy, just come wi' me!" and she beckoned to Barnaby.

Barnaby rose and followed her across the square inclosed by the buildings, passing the servants' quarters, and pausing at the kitchen. Then, with a yellow bowl under her arm, and her apron caught up like a bag in her hand, the girl beckoned him still to follow, and leaving the quarters behind her, entered the mouth of the glen that ran down toward the river under the sycamores.

A brook ran sparkling down the glen, and at the top of the hollow stood the milk-house, with its mossy roof of dull red tiles and a door with a wooden latch. From under the sill of the milk-house door the brook emerged to the light of day, and out of the door came a breath of air as cool as the draft from a storage-house, but with no such odors on it. The maid went

in, and Barnaby followed. Part of the house was paved with irregular flat stones, but in the middle of the floor was a broad pool, from the bottom of which a spring gushed with never-ceasing little fountains of sand. In the pool were round earthenware crocks, covered with wooden lids scrubbed until they were silvery white. The crocks held milk just fresh from the milking. On a shelf by the wall were rolls of butter and jugs of buttermilk, and on a bench below stood a row of jars full of honey in the comb.

The maid did not speak. She made signs to him, kicked out a three-legged stool, gave him a honeycomb in a crock, a corn-cake from her apron, and filled her yellow bowl with milk, with fine dexterity. Then she set it on the floor by his side. "Eat and drink!" she said, and with that made a pantomime, that he might understand.

"Is it all for me?" asked Barnaby, and looked up at her wonderingly.

She gave a little scream. "You 'm English?" she gasped.

"To be sure," said Barnaby.

"Well! and me all along a-thinking ye a young Dutch muckle-head! Bless my stars, and you wi' a face like that!" She stood and stared at him. "Bless my stars and garters, lad, but you 'm a pretty boy! Dear soul, those two blue eyes o' thine do be all England. I ha' not seen their like, lad, since I left old Weymouth-town, and that 's nigh seven year ago. God bless thy pretty face! Wilt thou not buss us, laddie, for old England's sake?"

And with that, before Barnaby was aware what the sturdy maid was about, she clapped a hand on each of his shoulders, and kissed him fair on his crumbly mouth, and was away with a dribble of honey and corn-bread on her chin.

"Get out!" said Barnaby, much abashed, and waved the corn-bread at her.

But Molly stood and looked at him. All about her figure, as she stood before the spring-house door, there was a shining rim of light. "Dear soul!" she said, after a few moments, and her dark, bright eyes were shining softly. "I ha' not seen a face like thine for nigh on seven year! Wilt not buss us again?"

"Nay, nay; get out," said Barnaby, "and

leave me eat in peace. I do not like this bussing."

She laughed softly. "Some folk does, and some folk don't. It all depends on how ye take it. A little, taken sensible, doth sweeten life no end. It is a gift o' nater, and most folk comes to it in time, sooner or later. Lad, take a word o' Molly Hawley: 't is better soon than late; one's heart grows old wi' waiting on 't." Then she clapped him on the shoulder. "Meanwhile, buss me or no," said she, "whatever ye wish, while ye be here, ye just ask Molly Hawley for it; bless thine heart, shalt have it, for that fair face o' thine. There was a lad in Weymouth-town who had a face like thine; but that was seven year ago," she said, looking out into the sunset glow, "and he hath forgotten me. Stick to thy honey-bowl, lad," said she, "and eat thy fill. When thou 'rt done, set crock on bench, and latch door behind thee tightly. There be a pack o' foxhounds here, the plague o' a body's life. Remember, lad, whate'er ye want, just ask Molly Hawley for it."

Then away went Molly Hawley, swinging up the hillside, humming softly over to herself a half-forgotten tune that she had heard her own dear lad sing in the fields by Weymouth.

It now was fallen evening, and the cold smell from the woods crept up the hollow among the trees. The mill at the foot of the hollow was still, and the only sound was the watch-like tinkling of the water dropping from the wheel into the run below. Barnaby gave himself to his eating with a sigh of content. The faint wind outside came up from the inlet with a thin, cool pattering of leaves, and the little fountains of white sand played in the bottom of the spring. There was a bitter perfume in the air from fennel crushed under foot in the path, and an odor like sweet, ripe apples stored away in a cool, dark room.

"'T is brier-rose," said Barnaby, and drew a long breath. How the English hills came back to him, the pale, cool star-light, the summer winds, and the breath of the brier-roses! He sat for a moment, thinking. Then suddenly he put the milk-bowl down, and sat up, listening. Some one, not very far away, had coughed. It was a sharp, nervous cough. After it came a sound of voices. He stepped to the door and looked out.

Two men with their heads together were coming up the hollow, talking earnestly in low tones. He could not recognize them, nor could he make out what they said. Coming

He, too, was gaunt and tall, but the build and hang of his frame was coarser than that of the other.

"Don't lay all the blame on me," he growled.

"You 'd 'a' done just the same as I did."

"You said he was dead."

"Well, I thought he was dead."

"But he 's not dead at all. Oh, dear!"

"Well, there 's no use of getting so wrought up. It's most confounded woundy luck. That's all there is to say about it."

"Ye can't lay it all to the luck. Ye 've shown most condemnable judgment."

"Perhaps ye 'd like to take a try with somebody else's judgment. There 's the Governor. He 'd be blithe to furnish ye with one."

"Don't mention the Governor," cried the other.

"Well, then, don't cavil about my judgment."

"But I would n't 'a' had the knave turn up for forty thousand joe!"

"If you 'd 'a' paid me forty joe, he 'd never 'a' had the chance."

"I ha' paid ye four

time forty joe. This is the upshot of it. The fat is in the fire," said the other, bitterly.

At that the first turned with an angry snarl. "Well, don't say I put it there. Had ye let me do as I wanted, you 'd 'a' been shut of him long ago. Why did n't ye leave me do for the rogue, snap out, for good and all?"

"No, no, no," cried the other, an incredible



"THE HOT-HEADED VAN SWERINGEN HAD STRUCK THE GOVERNOR TWICE ACROSS THE FACE WITH HIS DOESKIN GLOVES."

to a little terrace just below the spring-house, they paused under a sycamore with a trunk like a castle-tower. One of the men was tall and spare, and held himself aloof, though speaking in a shrill, thin voice that shook with anger and nervous excitement. The other listened, lowering, with his chin upon his breast, as though constrained unwillingly to hear, and sulkily kicked about him in the grass.

number of times. "No, no, no, I tell ye; I have told you I won't have none of that."

"Well, you 're a precious, fine-haired fool," said the first, disgustedly. "That 's all I 've got to say to you."

He took a tinder-box out of his pocket, and striking a few sharp blows with a flint, ignited some tinder, and lighted his pipe.

As the first sharp, intermittent puffs sent up their glow across his face, Barnaby gave a little cry and sank upon the spring-house floor.

When, in after years, he thought of that face, it ever came back as he saw it there—its bushy brows, evil mouth, and nose hooked like a parrot's beak. At every puff it started out of the darkness, crafty, scowling, truculent, with the countless wrinkles about the eye which long, keen looking over the sea brings to the face of a mariner. Between the wrinkled, squinting lids, the shifting eyes peered sidewise at the man who stood beside him, with glances as wicked and baleful as a serpent's. Then the face faded away in the shadow again.

"I am lost!" gasped Barnaby; for the face was Captain John King's.

"Well," King repeated sulkily to the man who stood beside him, "you are a precious, fine-haired fool. That 's all I 've got to say to you."

"I don't care what you 've got to say," cried the other. "Ye 've got to fetch him out of here. What's that?" he said suddenly, whirling about and staring up at the spring-house door.

"What 's what?" growled King. Then, all at once, he, too, stared up at the spring-house. "Who 's there?" he called. There was no reply. The door of the spring-house faintly creaked. "I say, who 's there?" called John King, hoarsely, laying his hand on his pistol-butt. "If anybody is in that spring-house it will be better for him to come out of there before I come to fetch him out!" But there was not a sound. "Oh, pah! you 've got the fan-tods," said King to his companion. "There is nobody in the spring-house. What did ye think ye saw?"

"I—I—nothing," replied the other, with a tremble in his voice.

"Well, I should n't advise ye to see it again. It don't seem to be good for your nerves."

The other leaned against the tree and ner-

vously loosed his neck-cloth. "I have not been a-sleeping well," said he, "and these hot days give me the quavers. You 've got to get him out of here," he continued, almost fiercely. "You 've got to fetch him out of here and carry him away, where I shall never see his face again, nor hear of him no more."

"Well, don't get high," said King, sullenly. "I 'm not disposed to stand it. I 've done my best; so that 's enough. I 'll fetch him out; you need n't fret; you 'll never see him again. I 'll take him so far away from here that he 'll not even see the rims of the sky that hangs over Maryland, nay, though he climb to the mountain-tops. Don't you fret; I 'll fetch him out. But here, we 'd better be moving. We 've no time to waste." And the two slipped out of the hollow.

The sky grew pale and apple-white beyond the overhanging branches; the stars came out by twos and threes. The brook ran on, and the wind grew damp, filled with a thousand odors from the river and the forest. There was no sound but the drip of the dew and the tinkling of water in the mill-race. Barnaby crept from behind the door, and looked around the glen. There was naught to be seen. Closing and latching the door, he ran at the top of his speed up the slope until he came to the Governor's house.

"Mynheer," he gasped, when he had come up to the room where Van Sweringen was, "John King is here!"

The envoy was sharpening his rapier with a swordsman's hone. He looked up with a quiet smile.

"Thou hast had a dream," said he.

"Nay, mynheer; it is no dream."

"Well, let the villain bide. We have no more to do with him. Hop into bed, for thou and I must be doing early, lad. Say a prayer for me, if thou prayest. By this time to-morrow night I may sleep in eternity."

Barnaby wiped the sweat from his face. "Which way are we going, mynheer?"

"Whichever way honor directeth us," said Van Sweringen, soberly. And with that he made himself ready for bed.

As Barnaby knelt by the crucifix that hung upon the wall, he heard two voices coming

through the darkness along the road beneath the window.

"Ye will not fail me?" said the first, shrill and anxious.

"Blight me green!" said the other. "You are always talking failure."

"Well, there 's no need of harping upon that now; it 's no matter what I am talking. Do you look out for yourself, I say. They tell me that the Dutchman stabs—that he is the fiend himself with the small sword."

"Oh, be hanged to him and his small sword! I 'll quench him, don't you fear. One, two, three! D' ye see these snuff-ers? It 's 'puff!' and his candle is out. At the path by the meadow road, ye said?"

"Ay, the path to the right. You 'll be sure to be there?"

"If I 'm not you may have me hanged."

"I 'll have nobody hanged. Upon my soul, will ye never cease prating of hangmen?"

"When you cease ever prating of failure I will."

"I have ceased; keep your part; be early."

"Yea, verily; I 'll be up and out with the bird of St. Guy!"

With that the voices moved on.

Barnaby crept to the window. The stars were fading from sight in a mist; from the fields the wind came cold and damp; there were no lights anywhere. He could hear the faint sound of feet in the distance, and of muffled voices dying away. He turned to the curtained bed.

"Mynheer Van Sweringen," he said softly. There was no response; only a long and regular breathing came through the damask curtains.

Again he called softly, but yet there came no reply. The envoy was fast asleep.

(To be continued.)



BARNABY IN THE SPRING-HOUSE.

THE ADVENTURERS.

RALPH and Harry and Dick, these three
Resolved to travel by land and sea,
And Indians fight, and tigers slay,
And come back home for Christmas Day!

Ralph made ready his jack-knife bright;
Harry his bow and Chinese kite;
Dick had only a sword of wood,
But he sharpened it up as best he could.

They planned their pockets they first would cram
With bread and butter, and lots of jam;
And meet in the barn at two, about—
And how do you think it all turned out?

Ralph was caught at the gooseberry jar;
Harry was sent on an errand far;
And Dick (the terrible warlike chap!)
Fell fast asleep in his mother's lap!

Edwin L. Sabin.



"GUESS WHICH HAND IT 'S IN AND YOU SHALL HAVE IT!"

"GENERAL GRANT."

BY M. FRITZ AUSTIN.

THE dog was born July 15, 1885, his parents on both sides being descended from famed ancestors. That they had taken prizes at dog shows, and were peaceful, loving, and kind, enhanced the value of the gift in our eyes.

The General grew by the inch, learned to "speak" if he wanted food or the door opened, and, funniest of all, to *climb trees*.

Our old house in the country was built years and years ago.

The old trees are like the rocks among which they grow, staid and strong, and have stood the gales of nearly a century, and have given blossoms and birdlings in the spring, fruit for the babies in the fall, shade and beauty at all times. Children and squirrels had climbed the stout limbs, but never a dog until Grant was a year old. Then we found him perched up in one of the trees, barking at a squirrel. This was a wonderful feat for a terrier weighing about forty-five pounds, for the lowest limbs were as high as a grown person could reach. He did his climbing quickly, and as often as the squirrels went after the apples, Grant went after the squirrels.

Everybody and everything on the place were friends of Grant; in his big heart there was love for the cow, the cats, and the chickens. Still, his most intimate friend and companion in games was "Ben Roe," the two-year-old colt. Grant invented games and taught them to Ben

Roe, who, in his turn, was quick to learn, and of a retentive memory. Grant would take a barrel-hoop or a club in his mouth, and present Ben the opposite end; then they would start off at a



"GENERAL" AND "BEN ROE" PLAYING "GREW."

gentle trot, Grant all the time saying, "*Grew-ow, grew-ow.*" Now, when they played what Grant called "grew" they would begin at a gentle trot; but when they raced, they ran side by side at a fearful rate, each panting and determined to win. This game was always brought to a close as soon as one of the family found that racing was the order of the day. We liked to see them play "grew," as we considered it an intellectual game, worthy of encouragement.

GLIMPSES OF CHILD LIFE IN JAPAN.

BY THEODORE WORES.

KUMATARO was the name of a little Japanese boy who lived in Tokio, the capital of Japan, in the house adjoining mine. He was only three years of age, and I met him toddling along the narrow foot-path one morning as I started out for a walk.

"Master Bear," for that is the literal translation of his name, was dressed in a very pretty light-blue kimono, or wrapper, with a bright-red sash, or obi. He wore little straw sandals and short white stockings called *tabi*, which reached to the ankles. These stockings were like mittens: they had a division between the great toe and the others, through which the thong was passed that held the sandal to the foot.



MASTER KUMATARO EATING WITH CHOP-STICKS.

The top of his head was shaved, leaving a circle of hair extending around that made him

look like one of those odd Japanese dolls we all have seen.

His little legs were hardly strong enough to hold him up, but, still, he toddled along with an air of dignity that was highly amusing. His dignity did not relax at my approach, and I could not help stopping and making a low bow, in true Japanese style. I remarked most respectfully, "*Kekko no tenki de gozaimasu,*" which is the Japanese way of saying, "What a beautiful day this is!" I feared that my action might scare this little man, for I knew that a meeting with a white man would be regarded by many Japanese children much as suddenly confronting a Turk in a turban would be regarded by a timid American baby.

Japanese children, as a rule, are rather apt to be afraid of foreigners, but this is not to be wondered at, for I found it to be a very general belief that white men carried away little Japanese children if they caught them out alone after dark. I often noticed, as I walked through the streets of Tokio, that crying children suddenly became as quiet as mice on seeing me, and gazed at me with large, frightened eyes. I wondered at this, until one day I overheard a nurse say to a little child, "Be still; here comes a white man, and he will carry you away if you do not behave yourself!"

I was, therefore, rather surprised when, instead of becoming frightened, Kumataro stopped and gravely returned my salutation, ducking his little shaven head in the most approved Japanese fashion, and then resuming his lordly progress. I was, to say the least, somewhat taken aback at the coolness of this little man, especially when I observed that his mother, who stood in the doorway, had not failed to see the humor of it all, and could hardly keep from laughing. After this first meeting I became very friendly with the boy.

Around my house was a pretty Japanese garden which was separated from that of my

neighbors by a bamboo fence. Consequently I saw Kumataro almost daily. Japanese houses are very lightly put together. The *shoji*, or doors, which also serve as windows, consist of light lattice frames three feet wide and six feet high. These are covered with thin but tough paper to admit the light, and they slide in grooves along the sides of the room. A narrow veranda usually extends around the house, and is closed at night by wooden shutters that likewise slide in grooves along the edge of the veranda.

The long overhanging roof protects these paper windows and doors from the rain. Glass is rarely used for windows, and it was almost unknown in Japan until that country was thrown open to foreign nations about forty years ago. Many of the Japanese, especially the country people, are still so unaccustomed to glass windows that it has been found necessary, in many of the third-class compartments of railway carriages, to paste strips of paper across the windows in order to attract attention to the glass, for it has frequently happened that, in their ignorance, these people have stuck their heads through the window-panes.

There is but little privacy in Japanese houses, for the reason that everything that is said on the other side of the paper doors can be overheard, and as these are usually left open, one cannot help seeing much of the domestic life of one's neighbors.

Thus I often observed little Kumataro at his meals, which, according to the custom of his country, he ate with chop-sticks instead of knife, fork, and spoon. It is very difficult for a stranger to handle these two little sticks, but Kumataro, who had been taught how to hold them properly, managed them so easily that he was able to pick up any little morsel from his plate as easily as an American boy could with a fork.

Everything that is served at a Japanese dinner is cut into small pieces so that they may be picked up and eaten with the chop-sticks. A dinner consists of a number of courses, such as soup made of bean-curd, fish, and mushrooms, or seaweed, which are served in lacquer bowls. This is followed by fish boiled with lotus-roots, and raw fish cut into thin slices and eaten with

a sauce called *soyu*; also salad and pickled vegetables and *soba*, and a sort of buckwheat vermicelli. The Japanese eat very little meat, and rice takes the place of bread. Soup is usually served at the end as well as at the beginning of a dinner.

Tables and chairs are not used in Japanese houses, and our little friend, in accordance with the general custom in Japan, sat on the floor, with his dinner spread out before him on lacquer trays.

Whenever I called at Kumataro's house I was invited to be seated on the floor. The floor of a Japanese room is covered with fine straw mats, called *tatame*, which are always kept scrupulously clean, for a Japanese never enters a house with his shoes on. These are always left outside of the door, and he walks about on the matting in his stockings. Whenever a Japanese sits on the floor he doubles his legs up under him, crosses his feet, and squats on his heels; and he can remain in this position for hours without becoming tired.

Kumataro had a brother named Matsujiro (literally "Pine-tree"). He was about five years of age, but passed for seven, for the Japanese have a curious method of computing age. No matter when a child is born, its age is always reckoned from the 1st of January. If, for instance, a boy is born in February, the first anniversary of his birth falls on the following 1st of January, and he is then said to be in his second year.

These two little youngsters, like most Japanese children, managed to have a very good time. They had many different ways of amusing themselves, and rarely quarreled with each other. When any disagreement arose they generally settled it pleasantly, as in the following instance. Master Bear and his brother scrambled, one day, for the possession of a ball that I had thrown over into their garden. The elder boy succeeded in grabbing it, but the younger was by no means disposed to give up his claim to it. Instead of becoming angry and fighting about it, they decided to settle the question of ownership by means of a game known as *ken*. This game is played as follows:

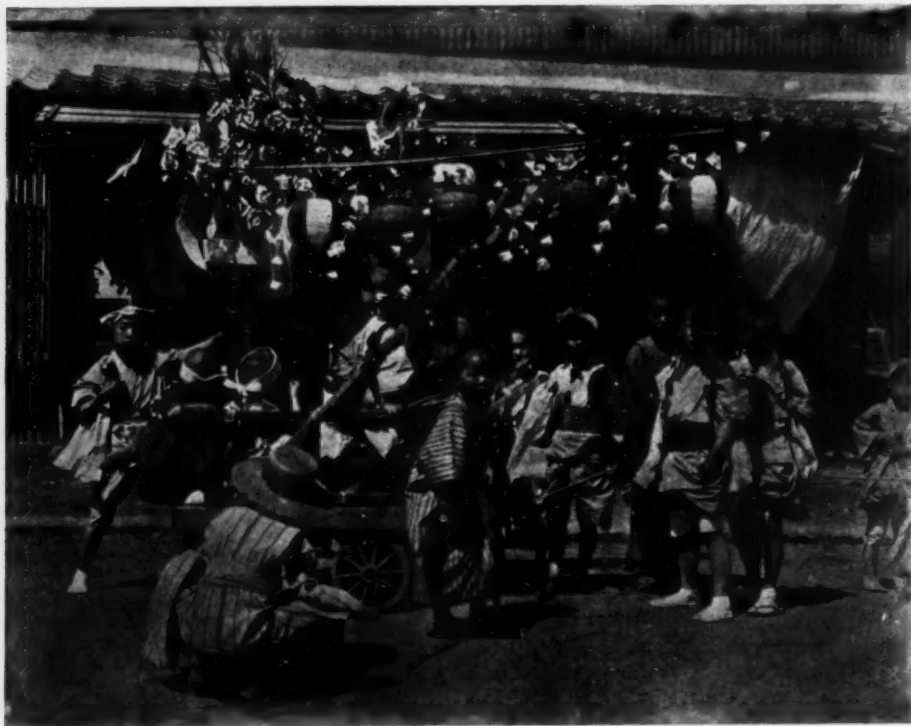
Two players, facing each other, throw out their right hands at the same time. As the

hand is thrown forward it assumes one of three positions. An open hand represents a sheet of paper. A closed hand represents a stone. The two first fingers extended, with the others closed, represents a pair of scissors.

The following are the points for the player to bear in mind in scoring the game:

expedient is resorted to not only by children, but by grown people as well, who often settle trivial disputes in this peaceful manner.

The most popular, as well as the most familiar, of all children's games is known as *hyakunin-shu*, or "the poems of a hundred poets." It is a card game, and it is played as follows:



A STREET SCENE, SHOWING DRESS OF JAPANESE BOYS.

1. Scissors can cut paper.

2. Scissors cannot cut stone.

3. Paper can be wrapped around the stone.

If player No. 1 extends his two fingers and No. 2 his open hand, No. 1 wins, for the reason that scissors cut paper. On the other hand, if No. 2 had presented his fist, he would have been the winner, for scissors cannot cut stone. Again, if No. 1 extends his open hand, and No. 2 his closed hand, the former wins, as the paper can be wrapped around the stone. In case both players make the same movement it does not count, and they try over again. This

Two hundred cards, each printed with the first or last half of one of these well-known poems, are used.

The cards representing the last half of these short poems are spread out on the floor, while the others are held by the players. Some one who has been appointed reads the beginning of the poem as he draws them from a pack.

The skill lies in quickly uniting the first half that the player holds to the second half on the floor, and the one who first gets rid of all his cards wins the game. It will thus be seen that in order to play this game skilfully it is neces-

sary to be perfectly familiar with these hundred poems, and it is, therefore, as instructive as it is amusing.

Japan fairly swarms with children, and among the most amusing sights, to a stranger, are the numerous small boys and girls that are met with everywhere, carrying babies on their backs. Sometimes these little tots are not much larger than the babies themselves, but they cheerfully assume this burden, for among the lower classes it is considered to be the duty of brothers and sisters to take charge of the next youngest. This does not interfere as much as one would suppose with their childish pastimes, for I have often seen them playing and romping about while the baby, whose head wobbled about in all directions, was sound asleep.

As Kumataro's parents belonged to the wealthier class of Japanese, they employed a nurse, a simple country girl named Otake-san, whose sole duty was to care for and carry Kumataro about. Otake-san, or "Miss Bamboo," gave her entire time and attention to Master Bear, and good-naturedly submitted to his childish whims, and never scolded, though at times he ordered her about in a most lordly manner.

On one occasion she appeared with Matsujiro on her back, and was about to go out on an errand with him, when Kumataro insisted upon going along. As there was no putting him off, Otake-san placed Master Pine-tree on the ground, and after helping Kumataro upon his back, she picked up both boys and carried them off. Master Bear had a doll strapped upon his back, and this gave a most comical three-story appearance to Otake-san's burden.

The Japanese seem to consider the children in almost everything that they do. Wonderful and picturesque processions, known as *matsuri*, are frequent in the large cities, and great two-wheeled carts and floats are most gorgeously decorated and drawn through the streets by oxen. Models of these carts on a smaller scale, and drawn by crowds of happy children, usually form a part of these processions. Toy temples, built especially for children, are often seen alongside of the large ones.

Peddlers of all kinds who trade altogether with children are met with everywhere. One of the special favorites of this class is the *amea*, or

candy man. He wanders about through the streets with two boxes slung on a pole which he carries on his shoulders. Every once in a while he puts down his burden and blows a tin horn, whereupon the children of that neighborhood come trooping up to him from all directions.

Kumataro and his brother rarely failed to get a few copper coins, worth about one tenth of a cent apiece, wherewith to buy candy.

The stock in trade of this popular tradesman usually consists of a quantity of soft molasses candy. A lump of this is fastened to the end of a thin bamboo tube, and then he proceeds to blow into it very much after the manner of a glass-blower, forming, at the same time, with his fingers, very clever representations of animals, masks, birds, fruits, and flowers—in fact, anything that his little patrons chance



MISS BAMBOO CARRIES MASTER BEAR AND MASTER PINE-TREE.

to order. I have often amused myself, at an outlay of ten cents, by treating a crowd of ten or twenty children that had gathered around one of these candy men. Nothing could be

funnier than the critical attitude that these little men sometimes assumed, for they were always ready to point out faults in these works of art, and to insist on having them corrected before paying for the wares.

Another favorite of the children is the pancake man. Like the candy man, he carries two boxes, the tops of which are covered with sheets of polished copper, underneath which are braziers filled with burning charcoal. The children gather about him, and for a small copper coin each one buys a cupful of soft dough.

They then proceed to make pancakes by pouring out a little of the dough on to the hot copper plates. The pancakes are made about as large as a silver dollar, and the process is continued until the supply of dough is exhausted.

Two holidays especially for children are observed by the Japanese during the year. One occurs on May 5, and is called "Boys' Day," and the other, on March 3, is known as "Girls' Day," or the "Feast of Dolls." On Boys' Day the streets present a very bright and festive appearance, as almost every house is decorated with a tall bamboo pole to which one or more large paper fish are attached. The number of fish hung from each pole corresponds to the number of boys in the family.*

These fish are very cleverly constructed, and are painted so as to present a very natural appearance. They are fastened to the pole by a cord passed through the jaws, and openings at the mouth and tail allow the wind to blow through, filling them out and causing them to

plunge about in a most lifelike manner. These paper fish vary in length from three to twenty feet.

In many houses, on this occasion, miniature stands of arms, containing swords, spears, bows, banners, and suits of armor, are brought out of the *kura*, or storehouse, and placed on view. Some of these toy weapons are as carefully made as the real things, and are often very old, having served on Boys' Day in the same family for many generations. On Girls' Day almost every household has more or less of a collection of dolls on view. These dolls are carefully packed away, each in its own wooden case, during the year, and are only brought out on these special occasions, when it is the custom for little girls to pay visits to one another, exchange the compliments of the season, and admire one another's dolls. In addition to these dolls, all sorts of miniature household articles, consisting of dressing-cases, toilet-sets, furniture, and kitchen utensils, etc., made of silver and lacquer, are displayed. The principal dolls imitate the mikado and his empress in ancient court dress. Many of these collections of dolls are centuries old.

It will thus be seen that Japan has not without reason been called a "children's paradise." While my own observations have proved to me that Japanese children are about the happiest I know, I have also observed that they always display the greatest respect for their parents and elders, who are thus more than repaid for the unfailing love and attention they bestow upon the little ones of the "Sunrise Kingdom."

* See the poem and photograph in the May number of *ST. NICHOLAS*.

A CURIOUS CHANGE.

FROM the home of fans and lacquer
Comes the gorgeous fire-cracker—
That 's the land where queues from every head must hang.
It arrives in wrapper red,
With a queue upon its head;
But we Yankees use the queue to make a bang!
(At least, that 's the report.)

Christopher Valentine.



"HOLD ON, THERE! WE DON'T TAKE TRUNKS! YOU 'LL HAVE TO WAIT FOR THE FREIGHT-ELEVATOR!"

TWO STUDENTS.

BY BENJAMIN WEBSTER.

A LITTLE boy sat on the shore of a pond
While a bullfrog sat in the pool;
And each one gazed on the other one
Like scholars in a school.

Then at last the little boy spoke and said:
"Why, Frog, do you gaze at me?
Pray swim or jump, that I may learn
Some Natural History!"

The frog he croaked out this reply:
"That 's what I 'm here for, too.
I 'm studying Boys, and their curious ways,
For I 've nothing else to do!"

Then the boy he turned and went away,
And the frog he sank below;
While circling ripples on the pool
Were all that was left of the show.

"ALONG THE LINE TO DOVER."

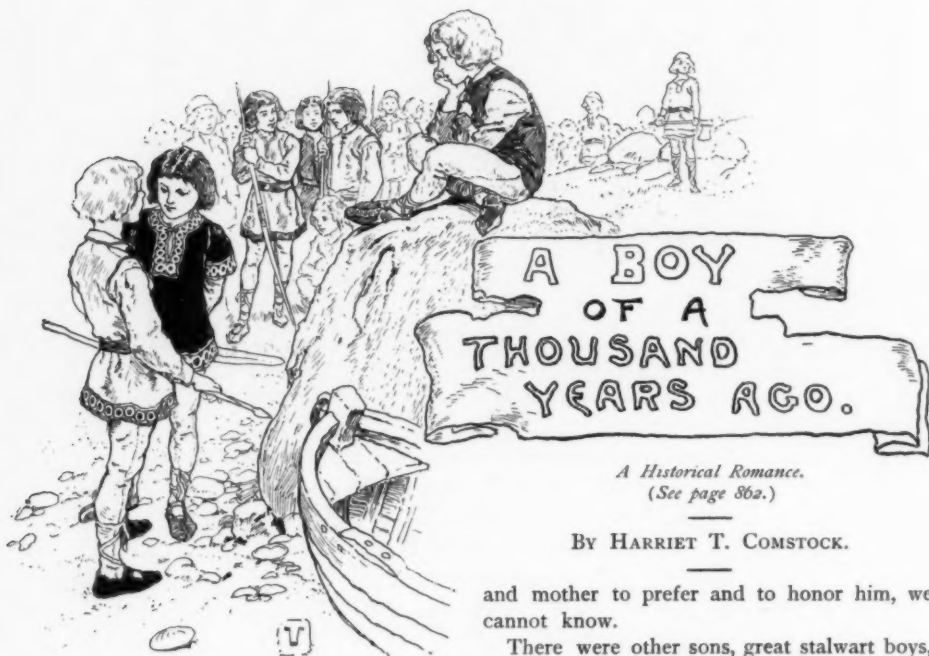
BY ERIC PARKER.

IN London town the soot and smoke
Set man and child a-sighing;
And though but yesterday 't was June,
The chestnut-leaves are flying.

And yet, beyond the dust of town
'T is shining summer weather;
The clean hills rise into the wind
That shakes the crimson heather.

The ships ride on the great green sea
That lies beyond the clover;
The poppies blaze about the corn
Along the line to Dover.

Come out, come out into the sun,
And other lodging find you;
And leave the lights of London town
A hundred miles behind you!



CHAPTER I.



IN a great gloomy castle in England, more than a thousand years ago, there was born a little boy.

What there was about him especially to cause his father

and mother to prefer and to honor him, we cannot know.

There were other sons, great stalwart boys, quite as fair to look upon, doubtless, as this last little brother; but from the first the father, who was the king, said: "After me, he shall reign." And the queen-mother, nestling him in her gentle arms, smiled through her tears, and wondered, half sorrowfully, why she loved that wee baby better than all the rest.

But so it was, and within those grim walls he



"ALFRED SEATED IN FRONT OF HIS FATHER ON THE GREAT BLACK CHARGER." (SEE PAGE 816.)

passed from unheeding babyhood to joyous childhood. He played and romped with his brothers. He was gentle and sweet-tempered, and was beloved of all in the royal palace.

But unwisely the story drifted down from the king's council-chamber to the kitchens and stables that the last little prince was unlike the others. He, the youngest and least, was to

rule in his father's stead. And the boy knew Yet all this special homage did not seem to that more was expected of him than of his harm the young prince. He appreciated his

privileges, but in his heart he often longed to be as free to wander at will as his brothers were. He wished to enjoy life like a boy rather than like a little king.

He had one brother, Ethelbald by name, who felt most keenly the injustice of the family training, and in their play he often made poor Alfred pay a heavy penalty for his high rank.

"Let us play war!" he would shout in his loud voice. "We will be brave vikings sailing o'er the sea in our great swift ships. And thou," turning to Alfred, "shalt be the king!"

"But I, too, wish to sail in the little boat," pleaded the unwilling prince.

The others laughed heartily.

"Nay, nay!" roared Ethelbald.

"Thou must sit upon this rock

alone, and watch us sailing and sailing, and when thou dost see us landing on thy shores, thou must quake with fear, and run and hide!"

"Nay; I will fight thee!" half sobbed the child.

"Then fight; but we shall conquer thee, and



"MOTHER, I ALMOST WISH THAT I WAS JUST A PLAIN LITTLE LAD."

brothers, and the knowledge rested heavily on his curly head, making him serious and very thoughtful.

He always had the best. The servants rushed to obey his baby commands, and even his sturdier brothers, with boyish keenness, knew that they must take what Alfred did not desire.

put thee in a fortress tower, and perhaps cut off thy head."

Poor Alfred saw but meager fun in being a king, when Ethelbald planned the play.

Sometimes at eventide, when he stood at his mother's knees, watching the shadows playing queer pranks on the dim walls, he would tell her about his doubts and sorrows.

"Mother," he would say, "is it such a happy thing to be a king? For Ethelbald says that he is freer than I, freer than any king. He can do just what he chooses, and when he is a man he is going to be a viking and sail the world over, while I must remain at home and do as my subjects will."

"Nay, sweetheart; thy brother speaks but idle words. He, too, will do his duty when honor calls. He would not be an enemy to his country. But thou, dear child, shouldst thou fulfil thy father's desire and reign after him, wilt forget thyself and thine own wishes; a true king always does. Thou wilt be glad to serve thy people, for they will love thee, little one, and a good king and a good people have but one will!"

"I will be a good king, like father. But it tires me to think of all that I must do. Sometimes I almost wish"—the little voice grew hushed—"almost wish that I was just a plain little lad, and that no one had ever thought of my being a king."

The mother drew him closer, and a tear fell upon his bonny curls.

"Dear, foolish child!" she murmured, "thou *art* but a little lad. Only to father and mother art thou a king. Come, let us take a sup of rich, warm milk, and say, 'God bless our father, King Ethelwulf, and long may he reign!'"

The delicate hand took the silver mug from the queen's grasp, and the boyish voice laughingly echoed the merry toast. Then very drowsily he said: "Sing to me, mother."

To and fro in the deepening gloom swayed the queen, with the weary little prince within her arms. And as she sang she seemed to see the long path which lay before. She felt that much of the way he must travel alone. He must wage war and feel the bitter stings of a nation's discontent. He must learn to suffer and complain not, be weary and know no rest.

For she was a queen, and she knew; and within her heart she wished he were indeed but a plain little lad, and that the cruel weight of a kingly crown might never rest upon his sunny curls.

CHAPTER II.

THE great castle lay wrapped in a deeper gloom. A strange stillness hovered within the gray walls. The children crouched together in the deep window-seats, and spoke in solemn tones. Without, a nation mourned a well-beloved queen, while the children mourned a mother. Sturdy Ethelbald bowed his head to hide his tears. It would never do for a viking to be seen weeping! The other brothers sobbed openly.

But little Alfred, the weight of his responsibilities bearing heavily upon him, stole away to the great room where the queen lay sleeping.

It was *his* duty to comfort the king! He must forget his awful agony and loneliness. Kings thought first of others. *She* had told him that. And although he was but five years old, he remembered all that she had taught him.

He had not seen her since she had kissed him good night, the last of all, and had whispered: "Be a king, dear heart, whether thou dost wear the crown or not."

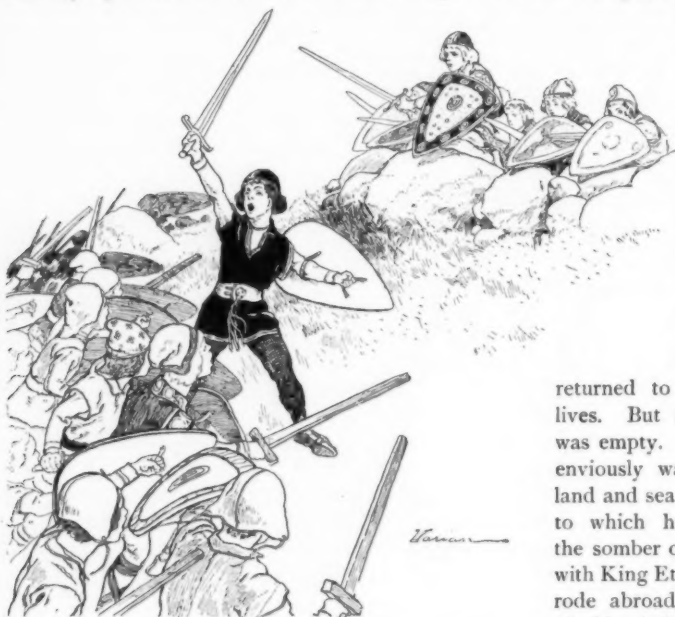
When morning came they had told him she was dead, and the light had suddenly faded from the day, and a great wave of loneliness engulfed him.

But now he remembered. There was work for him to do, and he knew where to go.

She lay upon her massive bed, smiling and beautiful as when last he saw her. Flowers were scattered over the snowy sheet, and a red rose rested in one dear hand. Kneeling by her side was King Ethelwulf, sorrowing as a man can only for the love of his life.

He had forgotten all else, and his deep sobs filled the chamber of death. A stray sunbeam had forced itself into the darkened room, and was playing over the flower-decked bed and the quiet mother. Alfred watched it. It flickered among the waves of hair spread out upon the pillow, it danced among the flowers, and for a second rested on the slim white hand;

then it even paused a moment to brighten the pale placid face, and finally passed on and lay upon the bowed head of the king. Their wild sports were neglected for many days, and they grew more gentle and kindly.



"THEY WAGED THEIR MIMIC WARS WITH OLD-TIME SHOUTS OF LAUGHTER."

Alfred moved forward. His little feet awakened no echo in the sad room.

His eyes never left the sweet dead face, but his heart throbbed until it ached.

"Father!" he whispered, laying his tiny hand on Ethelwulf's shoulder.

The king started. It seemed as if she had awakened to comfort him—she who had never failed before. With tear-filled eyes he gazed upon his little son.

"Thou, Alfred! Thou art too young, child, to be here!"

"We are kings, thou knowest, father. We must think of others!"

The voice rang out in silvery tones, but there was a break in the brave words.

"She told me to remember that always. Come, let us kiss her, father, and go to the others!"

Ethelwulf groaned. Then, putting his arm around Alfred, they knelt and wept together.

The court mourned sincerely for the noble queen. In their rough, half-barbarous fash-

But all was over at last. The people went back to their duties and pleasures.

Ethelbald and his brother Ethelred waged their mimic wars with old-time shouts of laughter, and the older brother and sister, who fared afar from their father's court, returned to take up their separate lives. But the seat upon the rock was empty. No lonely little king sat enviously watching the victories on land and sea; he had weightier things to which he must attend. Within the somber castle he sat, or wandered with King Ethelwulf. Sometimes they rode abroad, Alfred seated in front of his father on the great black charger. And often they talked of

her. Ethelwulf himself learned in those days, perhaps better than ever before, how to be a wise and good king. For the quiet mother had talked more freely to the child than to the father, and her words had been wise words.

"Thou art unlike us all," the king said one day, as they were riding together. "Thou art like her. Wert thou a lass, it would all be well, but unless thou dost harden in thy ways thou wilt be but a sorry king. Thou must be taught to ride and fence. Too long have I coddled thee for her sweet sake. Thy health shows the wrong I am doing thee. Thy heart, my son, mayst remain as hers, but thy brain and hand must grow sturdier, or alas for thy kingdom when thou takest the throne!"

"Have I displeased your Majesty?" The little prince turned tearfully. In those first lonely days the tears came far too easily in the little prince's eyes.

"Displeased? Nay, nay, my lad. Thou liest will travel to Rome. We will take gifts to the near my heart. But a good king must have wis- Holy Father. Good deeds will we both do in



"AGAIN AND AGAIN HE WAVED HIS HAND TO HIS DEAR FATHER."
(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

dom as well as compassion. And a trusty sword in a strong hand is a thing not to be despised."

Then, after a pause:

"We grow too gloomy, thou and I. We

knightly burdens, and little Alfred, half afraid and half filled with pride, rode at the head on his little black stallion, garbed in the richest dress the makers could invent.

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her name, and through thee. Others shall see the future king, and learn to love him ere they learn to fear him."

Alfred heard, not half understanding his father's rambling words. He was pleased, but puzzled. With a child's love of change and adventure, the thought of travel was delightful. But why he should be taken and the brothers left, of that he could not see the justice.

Perhaps it was necessary for him to go away that he might be taught to fence and ride; he never seemed to be able to learn those things at home. The others always outdid him.

Well, it would be better than always playing king, and feeling lonely and unhappy!

CHAPTER III.

So the journey was planned, but not as King Ethelwulf had first contemplated. Alfred was to go alone.

Oh, but it was a splendid array which filed forth from the castle when at last all the arrangements were completed and the pilgrimage began!

There were nobles and soldiers of high rank to care for and give honor to the tiny traveler. They were laden with gifts of gold and silver and precious stones, and were ablaze in costumes new and dazzling.

The finest horses in the kingdom pranced proudly under their

There were tears in his eyes as he rode away, and again and again he waved his hand to the brothers and the dear father who stood in a group watching the passing procession.

Ethelbald's heart was full of envy. He had always had his doubts about the happiness of being a king, but this was another matter. To lead such a company as that, to sit astride of such a horse, blazing in such a costume, was almost better than being a viking!

And Alfred was a mere baby, and *he*, Ethelbald, should be in that exalted place!

Oh, it was cruel injustice! and the boy's heart throbbed hotly.

He turned to his brother, and for the first time gave voice to all the bitter sense of unfairness which he long had felt:

"Hark ye!" he whispered. "When we are grown we will band together against this little lad. He is but a puling thing; for all the king's favor, I believe that he is less liked than we. Who would follow him, were we to call? Ay, we yet will rout him, and our father, too, if it is necessary!"

Ethelred gazed in affright from his brother's dark, wrathful face to their father's. Ethelwulf was standing apart, gazing sorrowfully after the glittering band which was winding its way down the valley. There were deep lines on the king's face — lines which had come recently; and he looked lonely, standing apart without his little companion.

Ethelbald's anger died away as he watched that austere face. Then a feeling of shame crept over him. He drew near his father, and laid a faltering touch upon his arm.

"Thou art sad?" the young prince murmured, looking downward as he spoke.

(To be continued.)

A CONUNDRUM.

BY FRANCES WILSON.

"It is very queer," thought baby,
 "But, as everybody knows,
 The longer that my body gets
 The shorter grow my clothes!"

"Ay. My heart aches for yon little homesick lad."

Ethelbald bowed his head lower. This was a new thought.

"To-night strange hands will touch that tender body, and no loving voice will be near to soothe his frightened cry, should he imagine danger. I could not harden and bolden him here. For his good I have sent him afar, but my heart bleeds."

Then turning to the brothers, he said, speaking solemnly but with affection:

"We must guard his empire until he cometh to claim his own." A smile hovered over the king's face. "He is but a poor little weak prince, indeed. Dark clouds threaten. Who can read the future? Perhaps one, all of you, will reign instead of him. Be ready. Ye are strong in arm, but look to your hearts! In them lies the power to sway men and to make nations tremble."

The boys were humbled as they silently listened. Their hearts, indeed! And they had just been plotting against their king and father!

But they would be loyal now. They would indeed guard their beloved kingdom until the poor little wandering brother should return.

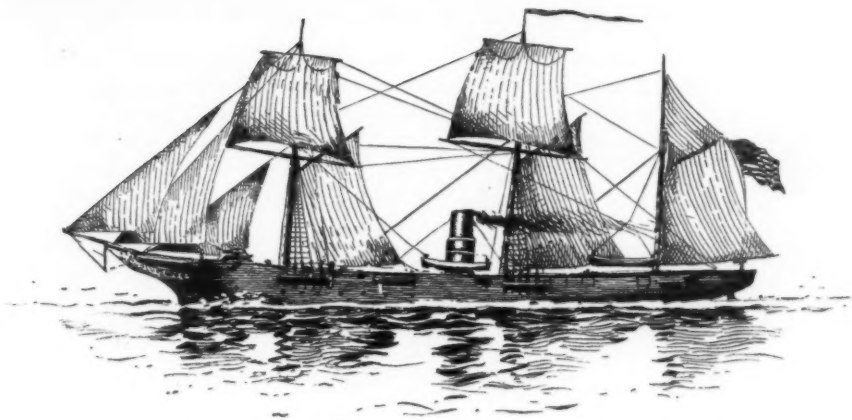
How strong and safe they felt standing there beside the king!

The shadows were lengthening, and had already hidden the splendid band of travelers.

They had gone with the day, and already little Alfred was among strangers in a dim and untried world.

How they pitied him!

After all, they felt that it was better to be in the safe old shelter than to lead even that band of nobles away from the home scenes.



THE OLD "KEARSARGE" AS SHE LOOKED WHEN SHE FOUGHT THE "ALABAMA."

THE "KEARSARGE'S" PENNANT AT MANILA BAY.

On the evening before the battle of Manila I sat at my desk in my state-room on the "Baltimore," sipping a cup of after-dinner coffee, and putting my personal affairs in such shape that if I fell a victim to battle they could be properly handled by others. While destroying a large accumulation of unimportant letters I came upon a fragment of red-and-white bunting inclosed in an envelope and labeled: "A piece of the pennant which flew from the mast-head of the U. S. S. 'Kearsarge' when she fought her great duel with the Confederate cruiser 'Alabama.'"

It had been given to me as a token of regard by the daughter of Admiral Winslow, because I was engaged upon a biography of her father. As I gazed upon the bit of bunting, my soul stirred at the thought that it was once again going into battle, I remembered that sailors are inspired by a good omen, so I placed it in the inside pocket of the blouse which I expected to wear in action.

As the shroud of that long night lifted, and the gray, vaporous dawn of the tropics overspread Manila Bay, the quartermaster on the Baltimore's bridge cried out: "There they are!" and I thought again of my piece of victorious bunting, recalling how, thirty-four years before, a quartermaster on another American war-ship's bridge had exclaimed exultingly under that flag, "She 's coming!"

We sprang to our guns on the Baltimore's

forecastle. A signal of three flags sped quickly to the yard-arm of the "Olympia" ahead of us, a signal which had not been displayed from an American war-ship for a third of a century:

"Prepare for general action!"

Instinctively we looked aloft, for from every masthead in that long column of war-ships burst the Stars and Stripes. Then our captain cried out from the bridge:

"Men, we must fight on empty stomachs, but we have full hearts. Let us see once more what can be done under those flags!"

Then I held my bit of bunting toward my gun's crew, and said:

"Here, men, is our mascot—a piece of the battle-pennant of the Kearsarge. Let it look once more upon brave deeds in battle!"

When we drew off for breakfast the tropic heat was becoming intense, so I exchanged my blue blouse for a white one. As we steamed in again to complete our victory, I noticed that my gun-captain was eying me in a troubled way, so I asked him what was the matter. Coming very close to me, he whispered: "Have you still got the Kearsarge flag, sir?"

"Why, no," I replied. "I left it in the pocket of my other blouse; but that 's all right; it 's still on board, you know."

The sailor shook his head dubiously. "I don't know, sir," he said. "I think you had better not let 'em know you have n't it."

I doubt if the knowledge of its absence would have been apparent under the circumstances. It certainly was not in the steady bearing of my gun-captain. But if ever again

I take a crew into battle under the inspiration of a mascot, I shall take care to keep the talisman with me to the end.

John M. Ellicott, Lieutenant, U. S. N.

HOW SIR MARMADUKE MARS SAVED THE LIFE OF A LION.

BY CAROLYN WELLS.



"AND CALMLY LOOKED AFTER HIS FARMS."

SIR MARMADUKE MARS was audacious,
A brave grenadier,
A fierce fusilier,
A warrior bold and pugnacious,
A mettlesome, mad musketeer.

His friends and admirers who knew him
Told tales of his luck,
His valor and pluck;
How he chased a wild tiger and slew him,
And killed a belligerent buck.

He had fought with lieutenants and lieges;
And Sir Marmaduke Mars
Of the Haughty Hussars,
Because of his battles and sieges,
Was just about covered with scars.

Now for years Marmaduke had been quiet;
The fray lost its charms,
He laid down his arms,
He relinquished all combat and riot,
And calmly looked after his farms.

But one day, as he sat in his study,
He said to his wife,
"I tire of home life;
I long for an escapade bloody,
With danger and jeopardy rife."

Now, naught this good woman could ruffle,
And she said to her lord,
"I fear you *are* bored;
Go out, dear, and hunt up a scuffle;
I 'll fetch you your helmet and sword."

She brought him his shield and his
truncheon,
His foes to defy;
Then she bade him good-by,
And gave him a neat little luncheon
Of sandwiches, pickles, and pie.



"THEN SHE BADE HIM GOOD-BY."

Sir Marmaduke sallied forth bravely,
And marched for a mile,
When a huge crocodile
Stepped up and saluted him gravely,
(Though I think that he stifled a smile).

Said the crocodile sadly, "A lion
Lies there in the shade
Of that tropical glade,
And I very much fear he 's a-dyin';
I beg and implore you for aid."

Sir Marmaduke, greatly excited,
Was fearless and brave.
He said, "Show me his cave;
Whatever is wrong shall be righted—
The life of that beast I will save!"

The crocodile, noisily weeping,
Concealed his delight
And conducted the knight
To the den where the lion lay sleeping—
A truly deplorable sight.



"SIR MARMADUKE SALLIED FORTH BRAVELY."

"You see, sir, my friend's situation,
So appallingly thin,
He 's just bone and skin;
He 's dying, dear sir, of starvation,
And *that 's* why we summoned you in!"

Sir Marmaduke quaked and he quivered;
Though hot-headed and bold,



"AND THAT 'S WHY WE SUMMONED YOU IN!"

He felt suddenly cold;
He shuddered, he shook, and he shivered,
Apprehensive of horrors untold.

"I fear that the prospect dismays you,"
The crocodile said;
"But your fame will be spread;
Your friends (if they hear it!) will praise
you
When they know how this lion was fed."

Sir Marmaduke looked rather sickly,
But being a man
Accustomed to plan,
And accustomed to doing it quickly,
He gave a slight cough, and began:

"Of course I appreciate duly,
And I commiserate
Your very sad fate,
And I think it is fortunate truly
That I happened along ere too late.

"I am flattered to think you should choose
me,
If on me it depends
To further your ends—
But, if you will kindly excuse me,
I 'll go and call in a few friends.

"The occasion seems really to ask it,
Although I must say
I regret the delay—
And oh, by the way, here 's a basket
Which I 'll leave in your charge, if I may."

As the crocodile snatched at the hamper
The lion's fierce eye
Was on pickles and pie.
Our hero set off on a scamper,
And his pace was decidedly spry.

When the crocodile presently finished
(He 'd eaten the best,
And the lion the rest),
With appetites scarcely diminished
They sat down to wait for their guest.

They patiently sat there and waited;
They waited until
The evening grew chill;
And as nothing contrary 's narrated,
They 're probably sitting there still.

ELIZABETH AND HER GRANDMOTHER.

BY ELIZABETH MORGAN.

ELIZABETH did not love her grandmother. She had even decided, after careful consideration, that she positively disliked the sound of her name. This is a strange thing to have to tell of a nice little girl, for Elizabeth was a nice little girl in spite of all conclusions to the contrary, and, indeed, was as much shocked at herself as any one else could be.

But I must explain to you how it happened. Elizabeth had never seen her grandmother. Her portrait, which hung on the sitting-room wall, was that of a beautiful woman with great soft eyes and shining hair. She was dressed in gray satin, and wore a kerchief of delicate lace over her white shoulders.

Aunt Clarissa had the dress still, folded away upstairs in a camphor-wood trunk, and had shown it to Elizabeth more than once, when she had been an unusually good girl.

So Elizabeth had every reason to believe that her grandmother's appearance had been all that could be desired, and from what she had been told of her character, it was evident that she had been in that respect also a paragon of excellence, uniting in her single person all the

virtues possible to womankind. And that was where the trouble lay. Since her earliest infancy Elizabeth had had her grandmother held up to her for imitation, a shining, brilliant example of impossible perfection. Sometimes the little girl almost felt sorry for her, when she thought how miserable her life must have been.

For her grandmother was always industrious and neat. She never soiled or tore her clothes. She always knew her lessons. She was always polite and respectful to every one, never noisy or getting in people's way, or asking questions when they had no time to attend to her.

She always took the most uncomfortable seat, the smallest apple, and the shortest stick of candy. She had done everything that a person naturally would not want to do, and had had it all carefully handed down for the discomfiture of her unfortunate descendants. Elizabeth argued that it was not fair.

Of course if any one wanted to be so uncomfortably perfect themselves, that was their own business, but they had no right to insist that others should follow their example. Still, Elizabeth had faithfully tried, for with Aunt

Clarissa always at hand to point out her failures and remind her of her duty, it was not possible to forget or neglect it for long at a time.

Not that Aunt Clarissa was unkind, or even meant to be discouraging, but the more devotedly she loved her little niece, the more she wished her in all things to be as perfect as it was possible for human nature to be. With this end in view, there was no better example for her imitation than the beautiful grandmother for whom she was named.

She never dreamed how tired Elizabeth had grown of the endless tale of the ancestral virtues. She never guessed that the little girl was hesitating on the verge of revolt when she left her that summer afternoon in her little chair by the window with her work in her lap.

Miss Clarissa had to go to a meeting of the Ladies' Aid Society. It was held at the minister's house, and there were some important subjects to be discussed. She was sorry to leave Elizabeth all by herself, but Jane Adams was in the kitchen, with orders to look out for the child, and Jane Adams was considered a dependable girl.

Elizabeth had her work to occupy her time—a napkin that she was to finish hemming. It was already half done, and if she was industrious she would have nearly an hour to play before her aunt came back at tea-time.

The napkin was shiny and stiff. Elizabeth knew how beautifully her grandmother would have hemmed it. From her place by the window she could see her Aunt Clarissa as she walked away, in her black silk dress and her bonnet trimmed with pansies. She had turned at the gate to wave her hand to Elizabeth and call to her to be a good girl.

Then she was gone; but other interesting people were passing all the time. First a man with a gun and two beautiful dogs. Elizabeth did not approve of him. She was afraid he was going to shoot some little brown quail that she had seen the day before when she went walking through the fields with Aunt Clarissa. When he was out of sight, two men went by with a cart piled full of great green melons, and after them came a boy on horseback. It was quite impossible to sew with so much going on in the street, though Elizabeth seemed to

hear her Aunt Clarissa's voice saying: "Your grandmother always did her tasks first and played afterward."

Elizabeth jumped up, and putting her work down in her chair, went over to her grandmother's picture, and stood looking up at it in indignant remonstrance.

"Grandmother, did n't you ever do one little, *little* thing that was naughty?" she cried.

But her beautiful grandmother only looked down at her, stately and sweet, without replying.

"If you had done only *one* thing that was bad," Elizabeth went on, "I think perhaps I could have liked you—a little; but as it is, I don't like you at all. I wish you were not any relation to me!"

But still her grandmother looked at her as sweetly as ever, and made no reply, and hopelessly Elizabeth went back to her work.

"I've done just three stitches since Aunt Clarissa went out of the gate," she said; "and grandmother would have had it all done and folded up and put away long ago! The moon will be shining before I finish." Then, as she sewed, she began to sing:

"Lady Moon, Lady Moon, where are you roving?
Over the sea, over the sea!
Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you loving?
All that love me, all that love me!"

"I love the Lady Moon," Elizabeth said, "but I do not love my grandmother." Then she started and rubbed her eyes. The room had grown quite dark. It was so late she must surely have dropped asleep over her work. There was a light behind the trees by the gate, where the moon was rising.

"I had better go look for Jane Adams," she thought; and then she caught a glimpse of the moon, and stopped. It was just beginning to show above the branches of the lilac-tree, and there seemed to be something unusual in its appearance.

It was a three-quarter moon, and as it rose higher, instead of the man whom she could usually see quite plainly, it was her grandmother's face that looked down at her, smiling and sweet, framed in its beautiful golden hair.

Little Elizabeth stared in surprise and dismay.

"Oh, grandmother," she cried, "were you so good that they put you up there, for every little girl all over the world to see you shining, and try to be like you?" Elizabeth began to cry: "Oh, it's not fair! It's not fair! We would all rather have the Lady Moon to look at!"

But her grandmother was gazing down at her sorrowfully and tenderly. All the soft, sleepy sounds of the summer night seemed to be blending together into the song Elizabeth had been singing about the Lady Moon:

All that love me, all that love me!

It echoed so sadly and reproachfully that Elizabeth hung her head ashamed; but she looked up again, quickly, in self-defense.

"If only you had been like other little girls, I would have loved you, grandmother," she said; and the echoing murmur that might have been the voice of the summer night answered softly:

"Like you, dear. Just like you!"

Elizabeth looked up eagerly.

"Grandmother, do you mean that?" she cried. "Oh, grandmother, did you ever get blots on your copy-book?"

"Yes, I did. Just like you!" said the voice.

Elizabeth caught her breath.

"Grandmother, did you ever forget and climb the lilac-tree by the gate to look at the little young robins in their nest, when you had on your *bestest* Sunday frock, that gets holes in it so easy?"

"Just like you! Just like you!" was the answer.

Elizabeth clasped her hands in ecstasy. Her grandmother was looking down at her so kindly that her beautiful smile seemed brighter than the moonlight. The next question came hopefully:

"Grandmother, did you ever forget to learn your Sunday-school lesson?"

"Yes, I did," said the voice.

"Grandmother,"—Elizabeth was determined to have a few points settled forever,—"*grandmother*, did n't you like cake and jam better than bread and milk?"

Her grandmother's smile was so bright then that Elizabeth felt it lighted all the room.

"Yes, I did. Just like you!" said the voice, and Elizabeth sprang to her feet.

"Aunt Clarissa says—" she was beginning; but something had happened all at once. Her grandmother was gone. It was just the Lady Moon that was shining in at the window; the rest of the room was dark. She heard her Aunt Clarissa's voice in the hall, speaking very severely:

"Jane Adams, what do you mean by letting that poor child wait all this time for her supper? She must be famished!" Then the door opened, and she hurried in, Jane following with the light.

"Elizabeth!" she cried. "Where are you, child? I had no idea of being so late. I thought they never would get through with their meeting."

She took off her bonnet trimmed with pansies, and Jane Adams curtsied, and said tea was ready.

"Ready! I should think tea had better be ready!" said Aunt Clarissa. Then she took Elizabeth by the hand, and they went into the dining-room.

There was broiled chicken, and hot toasted muffins, and raspberry jam, and little escalated seed-cakes for tea; but Elizabeth was very silent while her aunt told her how little Ellen Williams, the minister's niece, had made a beautiful centerpiece for her aunt's tea-table, all embroidered with wild roses and forget-me-nots.

"You might like to learn to do something of the sort," Aunt Clarissa said. "Your grandmother used to embroider beautifully."

When tea was over, Aunt Clarissa arose and took Elizabeth by the hand again.

"Come in the sitting-room, child," she said. "It's time you were in bed hours ago, but you can't go the instant you have swallowed your supper. Come and sit in my lap and tell me what you were doing while I was away."

Miss Clarissa seated herself in her rocking-chair, and Elizabeth curled herself up comfortably, with her head on her aunt's shoulder.

"Did you finish your hemming?" she asked.

"No," said Elizabeth; "it grew dark, and I was talking to grandmother."

Miss Clarissa gave a great start at this.

"What do you mean, child?"

"Yes, it was grandmother," Elizabeth repeated tranquilly. "I did not love her, and I told her so."

"Not love your grandmother!" And Aunt Clarissa nearly dropped Elizabeth from her lap in her horror at such a state of things.

"She was too good. No little girl could love her," Elizabeth explained.

"Too good!" gasped Aunt Clarissa.

"I thought she was too good," Elizabeth amended. "But, Aunt Clarissa, she told me that when she was little, she blotted her copy-books, tore her Sunday frock climbing lilac-bushes, forgot to learn her lessons, and liked cake and jam better than bread and milk. She said she was just such a little girl as I am."

"Elizabeth, you were dreaming," said her aunt; but she did not speak severely, as she was

asking herself, "Is it possible I have been too strict with the poor child?"

"I did not love my grandmother before," Elizabeth went on, "but now I do, and I am going to try and do the good things she did because she did some other things I do. And then, Aunt Clarissa, perhaps I'll be put up in the moon sometime, where I can sail round and round, and see what all the little girls in the world are doing."

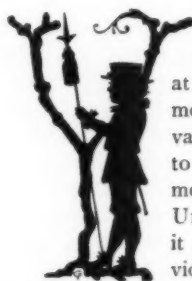
Aunt Clarissa did not answer. She was pondering many things to herself.

Elizabeth's eyes were nearly closed; she was very sleepy. Outside she could still hear the murmuring voices of the summer night—the sounds of crickets and grasshoppers and katydids—all singing drowsily together, and still repeating her grandmother's words:

"Like you, dear! Just like you!"

YOUNG FOLKS OF THE EMBASSIES AT WASHINGTON.

BY ABBY G. BAKER.



YOU need hardly be told that the Diplomatic Corps at Washington is a body of men who are sent from the various nations of the world to represent their governments at the capital of the United States. At this time it is larger than at any previous period in our history, representing thirty-six different governments.

The relative rank of the diplomatic envoys was determined by a council of all of the great powers at Vienna in 1815. At that time an ambassador was declared a public minister of the highest rank, and as such represents the person of his sovereign or president; the minister plenipotentiary ranks next. In the third class is the minister resident. The *chargé d'affaires*, fourth class, represents an ambas-

sador or minister during the absence of the ambassador or minister. Until 1893 our capital was known as a diplomatic mission of the "second class," since we sent abroad no ambassadors; but in that year we began to send ambassadors, and since that date it has been one of the first class.

The diplomatic envoys of the United States are appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate. In all monarchical governments the king makes the appointment, and there is no confirmation necessary. An envoy is expected to make himself acquainted with the politics of the country to which he is sent, to meet its leading statesmen, to keep in touch with all that is going on, and watch every opportunity to advance the interests of his own home land.

While the envoy is thus representing his country, the government that receives him guarantees his personal safety, and that of all

his suite, including his servants. Whether it is owned or rented, the embassy or legation property is considered as foreign territory, and its occupants are perfectly free to conform it to their home-land customs. It is exempt from taxation, and, while in active service, an envoy cannot be arrested for misdemeanor or crime.

Of course, if a plenipotentiary does anything which is offensive to the government of the country where he stays, he becomes what is termed a "*persona non grata*," or unwelcome agent, and the chief executive sends him his passports, which is a dismissal from his diplomatic mission. This is what happened just before the Spanish-American War. The Spanish minister at Washington wrote a letter in which he spoke offensively of President McKinley and the policy of this government. It was considered an insult to the American people. The press of the country was unanimous in condemning him, and in a very short time he was sent back to Spain.

The other side of the compact is just as carefully kept. This was shown last year during the Boxer troubles in China. Some ignorant and rowdyish persons, who did not understand the international law, and who were probably indignant at the Chinese as a race, in passing the Chinese legation at Washington, threw stones and broke some of the windows. Immediately the Department of State sent an apology to Minister Wu Ting-fang, who very wisely dismissed the incident as the act of an

irresponsible mob. The government regarded it in the same light, but placed eight policemen to patrol the grounds, and to guard the legation night and day; and these guards remained on duty until the troubles in China had subsided. However, it is seldom that an incident like either of these happens.

The matter of precedence is one of grave

moment to the diplomats, as on it depends the influence of an envoy and also his social position. As long ago as at the treaty of Vienna it was decided that in the same rank the man who had held office longest, dating from the notification of the arrival of the envoy at the new post of duty, should enjoy precedence. In 1893 England made the suggestion to the United States that it should raise the rank of its capital from a second-class grade to an ambassadorial one. It required an act of Congress to make the change, but a bill to that effect was introduced and passed, whereupon England, France, and Italy sent credentials to their envoys at Washington, raising them from "ministers plenipotentiary" to "ambassadors extraordinary and pleni-

potentiary." The present British ambassador, Lord Pauncefote, received his papers first, and presented them to President Cleveland a few hours in advance of the others. On that account he was made dean of the corps, a position he has since held.

Lord Pauncefote has passed the age of retirement in the service,—sixty years,—and may be



PHOTOGRAPH BY GILBERT, WASHINGTON, D. C.
COUNTESS DE CASSINI, GRAND-NIECE OF THE
RUSSIAN AMBASSADOR.

retired at any time. If his retirement takes place, Herr von Holleben, the German ambassador, who stands next in the line of promotion, will become dean of the corps. An ambassador always ranks above any other diplomat. His position entitles him to personal audience with the chief executive whenever the affairs of his country may make it necessary. The dean of the corps is received first when the President gives a reception to the foreign representatives, and at the annual diplomatic dinners, at the White House, Lady Pauncefote has the place of honor next to the President, while Lord Pauncefote's place is beside Mrs. McKinley. In England the ambassadors rank next to the princes of the royal blood, and in this country they follow the Vice-President on all state occasions.

There are six embassies at Washington,—the English, German, French, Russian, Mexican, and Italian,—and they stand in the order named from the length of the service of their ambassadors. For this reason, if a new British ambassador comes, instead of taking Lord Pauncefote's place at the head of the corps, he will have to go to the foot of the ambassadors, and Herr von Holleben will take the coveted position, and every other ambassador will move up a degree. Precedence is a most serious matter, and no greater slight could be given a foreign envoy than to place him below the position to which his rank entitles him.

Ranking next the ambassadors are the ministers plenipotentiary. There are twenty-six European, Oriental, and South American governments represented by that grade of envoys at our national capital. Besides these there are four legations in the care of *chargés d'affaires*, making in all the thirty-six nations represented there. Seven of these, the British, German, French, Mexican, Austria-Hungarian, Japanese, and Korean governments, own their own mission property, while the remainder either lease or rent houses.

But the readers of ST. NICHOLAS will like to know about the young people who belong to these foreign homes. A large number of them there surely is when all are counted; and representing, as they do, so many different nationalities, they form a most interesting study. In

the Austria-Hungarian minister's family are two daughters, a wee baby girl of a year, and a school-girl of fourteen.

On I Street is the home of the Russian envoy and his grand-niece, whom he lately adopted. The Countess de Cassini is the only young person connected with the Czar's American mission. She bears the imprint of her Russian birth in her tall, slender figure and shapely head and shoulders, although her pretty, piquant face suggests the French as well. She is scarcely nineteen, yet she speaks seven languages, and can converse in his native tongue with almost any envoy of the corps. She has accompanied her grand-uncle, the ambassador, who is one of Russia's most distinguished diplomats, on all of his missions since her babyhood. He was stationed at Peking during the Japanese-Chinese war, and negotiated the terms of peace. Although his grand-niece was so young at the time, yet she had so thoroughly acquired the Chinese language that she made the translations used in the treaty.

The Oriental families in their quaint native costumes naturally receive more attention than any other members of the corps. The Siamese and Japanese ministers each have several children, but they have left them in their native lands to be educated.

The Korean legation is in the care of a *chargé d'affaires* just now; but its last minister, Mr. Ye Pom Chin, had one son, a bright little lad of ten years. There is in Korea what seems to us a strange law, one that is very ancient, and is attended with all of the veneration which in that land is ascribed to age. It decrees that until a boy is ten years old he must keep his hair long and wear it in a prescribed fashion in two knots on top of his head. At that age his hair is clipped short and worn so the remainder of his life. The same law declares that when he becomes engaged—and a Korean boy is usually engaged at sixteen or eighteen—he must wear a certain kind of yellow straw hat; when he marries he dons a peculiar, wide-brimmed silk hat. When the Korean minister's son, We Ye Chin, came to Washington he was less than ten; but soon afterward, on the occasion of his birthday, his hair was duly clipped with much pomp and



PHOTOGRAPH BY PRINCE, WASHINGTON, D.C.

WE YE CHIN, SON OF THE KOREAN MINISTER.



PHOTOGRAPH BY GILBERT, WASHINGTON, D.C.

WU CHOU CHOU, SON OF WU TING-FANG, THE CHINESE MINISTER.



PHOTOGRAPH BY CLINEDINST, WASHINGTON, D.C.

SEÑORITA DONA BELEN ASPIROZ, YOUNGEST DAUGHTER OF THE MEXICAN AMBASSADOR.



PHOTOGRAPH BY GILBERT, WASHINGTON, D.C.

MISS GUACHALLA, DAUGHTER OF THE BOLIVIAN MINISTER.

ceremony, and a happier child than he would have been hard to find. While he was in Wash-

At one side of the room is an odd piece of furniture made of heavy black walnut, which



PHOTOGRAPH BY GILBERT, WASHINGTON, D.C.
YOUNGER CHILDREN OF THE MINISTER FROM GUATEMALA.

ington he attended one of the city schools, and learned to speak our language fluently.

The Chinese legation is one of the handsomest belonging to any of the foreign representatives. It is a mammoth white stone house at the intersection of Q Street and New Hampshire Avenue. It is furnished throughout in up-to-date American fashion, but every room has sufficient Chinese embroideries, bric-à-brac, and pictures to give a characteristic air, while what is termed the Oriental Room is especially Chinese. Its walls are finished in iridescent onyx, and the floor and ceiling are of black walnut. From the ceiling hangs a bizarre, many-branched, lantern-shaped chandelier, but it is fitted with electric bulbs instead of the candles that would

be used in it if it were gracing a home in the far-away Flowery Kingdom in eastern Asia.

is a table with a seat on each side of it. This is a Chinese chair of state, a sort of ceremonial tea-table to which Minister Wu Ting-fang invites any great dignitary who comes to see him.

Other native chairs are in the room for guests of less distinction. There are also many beautiful tapestries, fans, vases, and other such Chinese curios in this beautiful apartment.

Minister and Madame Wu Ting-fang have one son, Chou Chou by name, or Wu Chou Chou, as he writes it in Chinese style. When they came to the United States about three years ago Chou Chou could not speak a word of English, and his father placed him with a tutor. Chou Chou soon found that the boys who lived near the legation went to the public school, and he begged his father to allow

him to do the same. Minister Wu is a very wise Oriental, and when he looked into the matter



PHOTOGRAPH BY GILBERT, WASHINGTON, D.C.
MARIA-SOPHIA SANTO-THYVERO, DAUGHTER OF
THE PORTUGUESE MINISTER.



PHOTOGRAPH BY BELL, WASHINGTON, D.C.

CHILDREN OF MINISTER CALDERON OF THE PERUVIAN LEGATION.

he concluded that the public school was best for his boy and sent him there. Chou Chou has made such good progress that he is now in the Western High School, and his teacher said

school he dresses like the usual American boy, and tucks his long cue under his coat; but on all public occasions he wears his native costume—the stiff brocaded silk robe and

trousers, his feet incased in the fancy double-soled sandals, and his cue braided down his back and tied with a silk fringe which almost touches his heels. Madame Wu does not speak English readily, and often at her receptions, which are held on Friday during the social seasons, her young son stands at her side and acts as her interpreter with an ease and grace which would be a credit to one far his senior in years.

The Portuguese minister and Viscountess de



PHOTOGRAPH BY GILBERT, WASHINGTON, D.C.

CHILDREN OF THE COSTA RICAN MINISTER.

a short time ago that the English of his exercises in the literature class was better than that of any papers handed in to her. While at

Santo-Thyrso have but two children—a dainty little three-year-old maiden whose face resembles the cameo pictures of her titled an-

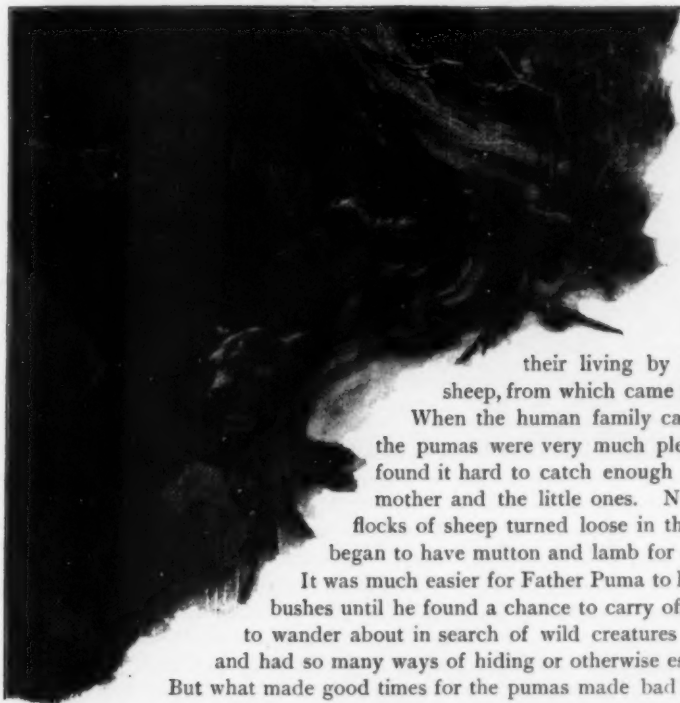
cestors, and a roly-poly baby-boy. The Haitian plenipotentiary has two fine-looking boys with swarthy complexion and crisp hair. The Brazilian minister has three charming little girls who bear a striking resemblance to their Portuguese cousins over the seas. The Chilean envoy has four children—a rollicking school-boy and three younger sisters. Señor Don Joaquín Bernardo Calvo, the Costa Rican plenipotentiary, has a houseful of merry little folks, and Baby Matilde is as devoted to her kitten as any North American child could possibly be.

In the Guatemalan minister's family there are six sweet and engaging little people. The eldest son is in school near Philadelphia; the five younger children attend a Washington school.

The Peruvian minister, Señor de Calderon, has a houseful of young folks. He has been in Europe and England for some years, and has had his family with him, and as a consequence the children all speak French, Spanish, German, and English as easily as we do our native tongue. They all have the dark olive complexions and dark hair and eyes which are characteristic of their nationality, and they have the quick, intuitive intellect which seems the special gift of the Latin races. Señor Guachalla, the Bolivian plenipotentiary, has recently come to Washington. He has ten children, but he brought with him only two of them—a young daughter about fifteen years of age and her merry little six-year-old brother.

TRoublesome Neighbors.

By TUDOR JENKS.



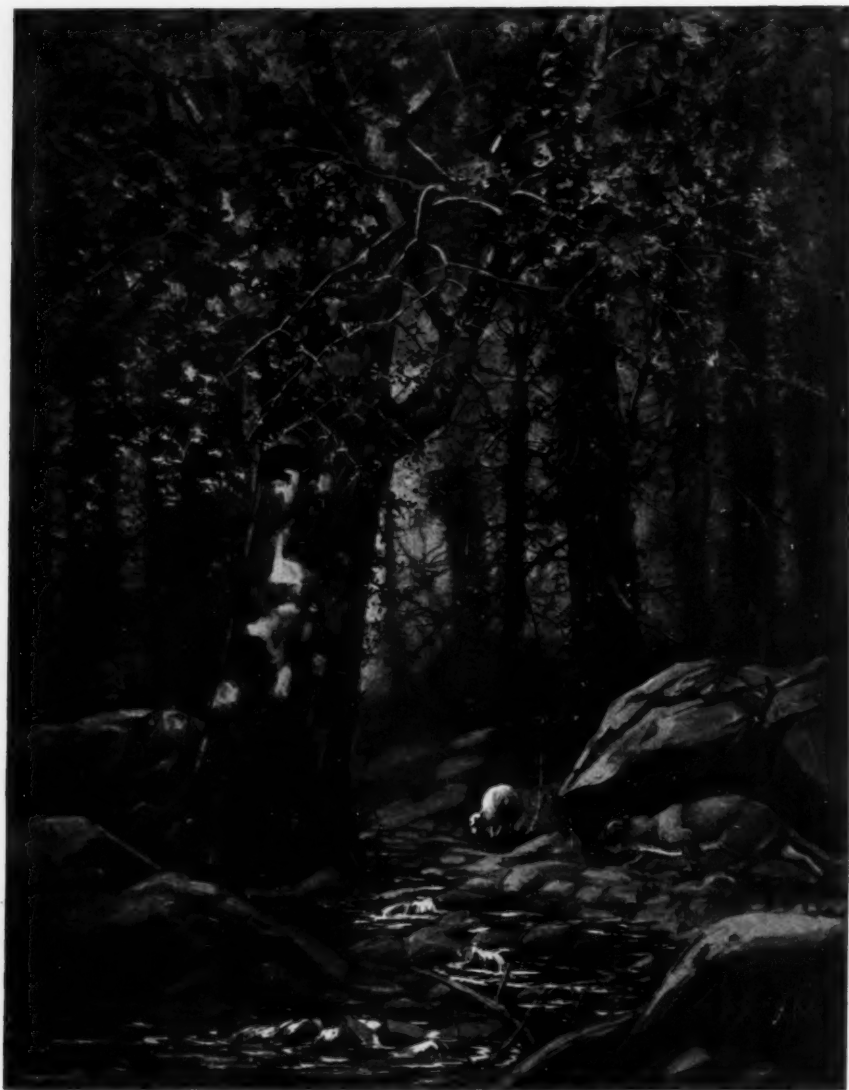
IN a cave upon the side of a rocky hill lived two pumas and their cubs. It made them a fine dwelling-place, for this hill looked out upon a great valley in which a family of another sort had built themselves a home. This second family was one of human beings, and made

their living by keeping large flocks of sheep, from which came mutton chops and so on.

When the human family came to live in the valley, the pumas were very much pleased, for the father had found it hard to catch enough wild animals to feed the mother and the little ones. No sooner were the great flocks of sheep turned loose in the valley than the pumas began to have mutton and lamb for dinner nearly every day.

It was much easier for Father Puma to hide among the trees and bushes until he found a chance to carry off a sheep or a lamb than to wander about in search of wild creatures who were naturally shy and had so many ways of hiding or otherwise escaping.

But what made good times for the pumas made bad times for the ranchman



THE HUNTER AND THE OLD PUMA.

and his family. Every few days some of his flock would be missing; and soon it became plain that either the ranchman must go out of business, or the pumas must be made to give up the attacks upon the sheep.

So long as the men of the ranch were riding about armed with their rifles, and always on

the watch, the sly pumas would not show themselves. But as a few of the sheep sometimes wandered away and had to be left out overnight, the pumas, by being watchful, often succeeded in catching a lonely sheep or a lamb when unprotected by ranchmen or dogs.

Many times the men tried to follow the tracks

of the pumas, so as to find their cave, but as the trail soon led them to the broken, stony soil or bare rock-ledges, they could follow it only to the foot of the rocky hill.

The hunting-dogs, too, failed. They would run along briskly enough until they came to a certain wall of rock, but there they always lost the scent. The men could not make out why the scent was lost here, but it was because the pumas at this place climbed up a certain dead pine-tree, and from one of its upper branches made a great leap to a ledge of rock far above. The dogs would come to this tree, and then run about at its foot, whining and looking for a trail that went no farther. At first the hunters supposed that the puma must be in the tree; and at last one brave fellow climbed to its lower branches until he could see to the top, and was sure that no puma was there.

Finally the ranchman decided that the only way to get rid of the puma was to set a bait for him. So one night he chose a good fat sheep from the flock, and leading it by a strong cord, tied it near a brook where tracks of the puma were plentiful.

Then, with his repeating-rifle, the man sat down behind an enormous boulder to await the arrival of his victim.

It was a long, weary time. Once or twice the hunter had to shake himself to keep awake. And, indeed, he was more than half asleep when, at about two o'clock in the morning, he was suddenly aroused by the sheep's bleat and the sound of some animal in the bushes.

Raising his head cautiously above the rock, the ranchman saw the large cat-like puma just crouching to spring upon the fat sheep. There was no time to take a careful aim, and the ranchman could not see the front sight of his rifle, but he hastily covered the crouching figure and fired.

His aim was true. Mrs. Puma was a widow.

There is no need of wasting any grief upon her or the little pumas; for, to tell the truth, they did not care at all. The only feeling they showed was disappointment when no breakfast was brought home early the next morning. After quarreling awhile among themselves, the cubs gave their mother so much trouble that she knocked two or three of them down,—not

at all gently, either,—jumped over their sprawling bodies, and went to get her own breakfast.

Either because she was very hungry or very cross (maybe she was both), she was not at all sly and cautious. She trotted down the side of the hill, leaped from the ledge to the limb of the dead pine, and came out into the valley without stopping to see whether the men were there.

Now, the hunter had stayed by the brook for some time, skinning the dead puma; and on the way home he was lucky enough to see Mrs. Puma as she leaped from the rocks into the pine-tree. Though he lost sight of her almost at once, he now understood why the dogs could not follow the scent beyond the foot of the pine, and when he reached home he lost no time in calling the dogs, and starting with another of the men upon a new hunt.

Hearing a rifle-shot from the valley, he knew that one of the herdsmen had seen Mrs. Puma, and he started at once upon the old trail, hoping to get to the pine before she did.

It was a close and exciting race, but the puma reached the tree just as the men and dogs came in sight of it. Up the tree scrambled the frightened puma, but the hunters knew now where to look for her, and as she leaped from the branch, both men fired at the same instant. The puma and the bullets met in mid-air and fell to the ground together.

It was a long and hard climb to the top of the rocky ledge, but when the men and dogs at last were at the top, it was very easy to follow the plain trail to the cave. As the ground was rough, the dogs reached the cave before the men; and by the time the hunters could get there only one puma cub was left.

This was a youngster, so the ranchmen carried it home and gave it to their children.

At first the little fellow was cross and snappish, like his parents; but kindness tamed him, and before long he was as gentle as a house-cat, and happier than ever before.

That was the end of the puma family, and their neighbors were very glad when they were gone, for they were a nuisance.

Unless such families were done away with there would be little peace for the rest of us.



Lost and Found

BY LYNN ROBY MEEKINS.

WHEN Mr. and Mrs. Morrow moved to the city, the most troublesome things to manage were Miss Helen Morrow and her cat "Buzz"; but finally they reached the house, and were placed under strict orders never to leave it. All went well for some time, when one day Helen put on her bonnet, and she and Buzz began to play they were going somewhere. They visited various parts of the world in the different rooms, and finally reached the front hall. While they were standing there the door blew open, and they got a look at the street. All at once Helen's heart seemed to stand still, for Buzz walked right out on the step.

"Come back, Buzz," she cried; but Buzz just turned his head and walked on down.

"If you don't come back, you'll get hurt!" But Buzz walked on, and Helen, not knowing what to do, and being afraid that Buzz would get hurt, followed him. Buzz began to trot a little, and Helen began to run, and so they went up the street until they turned the corner, and then they kept on until they turned another corner, and after that they kept on until Buzz stopped and allowed Helen to catch him.

"You're a bad cat, and you must come right home," said Helen.

Buzz meowed again, and looked around at the strange sights, and Helen did the same,—that is, she looked around; of course she did n't meow,—and calling Buzz to follow, she started back. By this time she was very unhappy, because she knew it was not right for her to be out on the street without anybody but Buzz, who was not a "body" at all, but only a cat,

so she hurried as fast as she could; but somehow it seemed a very long journey.

"It takes an awful time to get back," said Helen, and she and Buzz looked around again to find out just where they were. They did n't know the houses at all, but Helen felt sure that



"'COME BACK, BUZZ,' SHE CRIED."

if she turned the corner and kept right on they would soon be home. She said to herself and to Buzz that as they had come so far, they must certainly be nearly home, for if they walked so much how could they be anywhere else except almost home?

Well, they turned the corner, and there in front of them was a large, beautiful square with flowers and grass and baby-carriages, and a fountain playing in the middle of it.

Buzz acted badly again. He ran right away from Helen to where the green grass was. Helen felt like crying, she was so tired and so scared; but it did not last long, and she went after Buzz once more, and when she caught up with him they were under a tall tree that reminded her of the days when she used to live in the country. They got near the fountain and saw the goldfish, and Buzz wanted to get one of them, but he was afraid of the water; and somehow Helen forgot all about home, because there were so many new things for her to see.

Then after a while she sat down, and Buzz arched up his back and meowed just as he always had done when he wanted something to eat.

This made Helen think of dinner, and all at once she realized that she was lost, that she did not know where she was, and that all the people she saw were strangers, and that her father and mother were not anywhere near to lift her into her chair at the table, and after dinner to carry her upstairs and put her to bed.

She could not help it any longer; she cried and cried and cried, and Buzz purred and rubbed his head against her hand without making her feel a bit better. But when the tears came running down her cheeks as if they'd never stop, she took Buzz in her arms and held him for fear that he would go away and leave her all alone.

Just then she felt that somebody was standing over her, and when she looked up she saw a big, tall man wearing a broad hat and a linen duster, and before she could think of anything to say to him he was talking to her.

"Little lady," he said, "that's not the way to laugh."

The man looked kind, but she could not say a word, for the tears choked her so.

"What's the matter? Are you lost?"

Helen swallowed down some lumps in her throat and answered: "N-n-o, sir. Buzz's lost, a-a-and I don't know how to get him home."

"That's bad. That's very bad," said the old gentleman. "Now be a brave little lady, and tell me where you live, and maybe we'll manage it."

"I'm Helen Morrow," she said, "and I live in a brick house with stone steps, over—over"—and she began to cry again.

The old gentleman looked around and said kindly, "There seem to be two or three brick houses in this town."

Just then a policeman came up, and Helen's eyes got larger, and she was so scared that she forgot to cry, but she clung to Buzz all the harder.

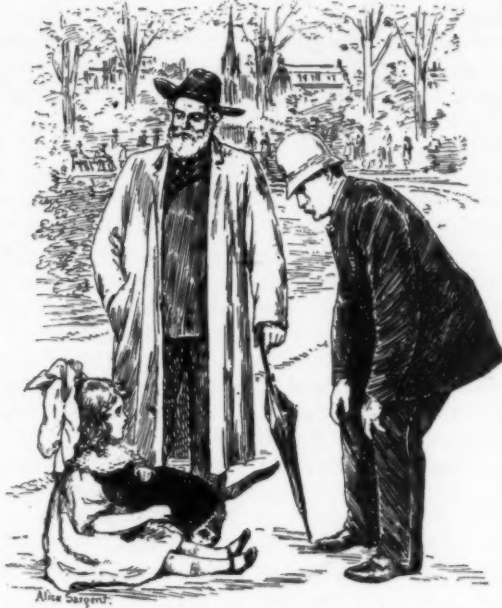
"Officer," said the tall old gentleman, "this little lady is lost, or rather her cat is lost and she does n't know how to get it home."

"It's against the law to bring cats into this square," said the officer.

This frightened Helen more than ever, because she thought that something unpleasant might happen to Buzz; but the tall old gentleman was taking her part.

"Oh, she did n't bring it, I guess. The cat ran away, and you came to take it back, did n't you, little lady?"

Helen could n't reply, but she bowed her head. The policeman and the old gentleman talked



"JUST THEN A POLICEMAN CAME UP."

several minutes, and asked Helen many questions, and then the policeman said:

"We have cases like this almost every day. I'll take her to the station, and by and by she'll be called for. There's no other way to get her back to her folks."

"Oh, yes, there is, unless I am greatly mistaken," said the old gentleman. "It would be a shame to take such a little child to a police station. Now, you city men don't know it, but a cat is worth more than a guide-book for finding a house. Little lady, is it time for your pussy to have his dinner?"

"Yes, sir," said Helen. "He's crying for it now."

"Well, it stands to reason that you can't live far from here, and if pussy is crying for his dinner, pussy is going to find the place where he usually gets his dinner. Now I'll carry you, little lady, and, officer, suppose you come along and act as an escort for the procession."

The policeman laughed out loud. "Well, if that does n't beat the Dutch!" he said. "I never heard of such an idea."

"That comes of living in the city all your life," said the old gentleman. "Come to see me in Kansas and you will learn a lot of things you can't find out by living here."

Buzz started as soon as Helen let him go, and trotted along ahead, followed by the procession. It was certainly very funny, and the policeman and the old gentleman laughed so much that Helen, nestling in the great big arms, forgot all about crying. They went from one street to another. Sometimes Buzz paused and looked back, but as soon as he got a good view of his surroundings he at once went on again.



"WHY, UNCLE BEN! HOW DID YOU GET HERE?"

At last they turned one more corner and saw Buzz lift his tail in the air and make a leap forward, and Helen's heart gave a bound, for she knew where they were. It was her papa's square, and right near was her house.

The policeman rang the bell, and when Mr. Morrow came to the door, he took Helen in his arms and hugged and hugged her as if he'd never stop. But after a while he looked up and exclaimed in the greatest surprise: "Why, Uncle Ben! How did you get here?"

"I missed you at the station," said the tall old man, "and I thought I'd walk to your house, but I became turned round and lost, and I found this little lady crying, and so we persuaded the cat to show us our way home, and this officer came along to see that nobody stole us. It's dangerous for little children like us to be going round a great city without our papas and mamas, is n't it, officer?"

The policeman laughed, and Mr. Morrow and Uncle Ben thanked him, and when he went away they entered the house, and Uncle Ben would n't allow anybody to even scold Helen.

Buzz had the biggest dinner that night he ever had in his life. The next evening Helen

was heard saying to him: - "Pussy, why can't you be a little girl, 'cause if you were, Uncle Ben'd give you a whole lot of things, but as you are only Buzz, he got this for you to wear around your little neck, so if you get lost, the policeman'll know where you live; but you must n't run away any more."

And so saying she fixed a band around Buzz's neck. On it was a little plate with these words:

My name is Buzz
and I live at
471 Hollis Avenue.

BOYS AND GIRLS IN THE PUBLIC LIBRARY.

BY HARLAN H. BALLARD.

THE public library which it is my pleasant business to manage is open to boys and girls as soon as they reach the age of fifteen years. Really it is open to much younger folk, for by using the cards of their parents they may draw books which they are to read themselves. Ours is a circulating and reference library: i.e., there is one room, constantly open to all, in which are dictionaries, cyclopedias, atlases, and other books which are to be consulted there but not carried home; and there is another room filled with books which may be drawn at pleasure and taken away for two weeks at a time.

It is about this latter department that I wish now to say a few of the things that have suggested themselves to me, as I have watched the eager crowds of boys and girls come daily to the desk for their mental "rations."

On entering the large and beautiful building of blue stone which contains the library, you pass through a spacious hall, and enter a large airy room, well lighted, and furnished, besides the ordinary chairs, etc., with two very large tables of polished oak. On these tables lie several copies of our latest catalogue, and on one of them stands a card catalogue specially prepared for young readers.

It is from these catalogues that the boys and girls make their choice of books.

On beginning my work here several years ago, the first thing that struck me with regard to the methods of reading followed by the children was their almost invariable habit of reading along very narrow lines. Whenever books came in a series, the whole series must be read, and frequently re-read, before anything outside of it would be touched. Thus among the boys one of the most frequent inquiries was, "Are any of the 'Gunboat' series in?" If not, "Well, I guess I won't take any book to-day." With the girls the idea was the same,

although the form of question was changed to: "Can you give me one of the 'Elsie' books?"

When books did not come in a series of connected stories, our young readers (and not a few of their elders too, for that matter) confined their literary diet to one favorite author at a time, reading in course all the books he had written, and frequently reading the same books over and over.

The favorites with the boys that year were Ellis, Castlemon, Alger, and Henty, closely followed by Oliver Optic and Mayne Reid.

The younger girls preferred Miss Alcott and "Pansy," and all fairy tales—though many of them insisted on having a "boy's book"; and the older ones made first choice of Mrs. Holmes, with E. P. Roe for a close second.

Perhaps I should not exaggerate if I were to say that every tenth book called for during that year was written by one of the two authors last named. Indeed, although we had several copies of each of the numerous stories written by them both, they wore out faster than we could renew them, and they were drawn so constantly that we had a special case for them, where they could be reached by a movement of the hand.

At first, I confess that I was greatly surprised and perplexed by this state of affairs. But it was not so much that young people should be fascinated by books of questionable excellence as that they should be so cramped in their range of reading as to confine themselves to any little group of authors, when the whole library was open to them, with its stores of better fiction, to say nothing of history, travel, biography, art, science, poetry, and general literature.

If they were invited to a great feast and bidden to help themselves, would they confine their attention to any single kind of food, and neglect all the other dainties?

A little reflection convinced me that this narrow habit of reading, like a cow grazing around a pole to which she was closely tethered, must be the result of ignorance and local youthful tradition. The boy or girl coming for the first time into a large library is bewildered. The catalogue, with its interminable rows of unmeaning titles, fairly makes his little head swim with perplexity and ache with distraction. Then the older friend who has introduced the new aspirant for these pleasures of the imagination comes to the rescue. "I'll tell you a good book: get 'Ned in the Block-house,'" he whispers, if a boy; or "Try 'Lena Rivers,'" if a girl; and the mischief is begun. Either in the front or back of the book the shrewd publishers have printed a list of the "other books by the same author." The closing sentence will quite likely be an invitation to the youthful reader, whom the author enticingly calls his "dear young reader," to "follow the further exciting fortunes of our hero in the sequel to this volume," etc.; and the "dear young reader," being fairly interested in "our hero," and knowing nothing better to choose, returns his book and asks simply, "Please give me the next one of the series."

It is well for him if at this point some wiser friend come to his assistance and lead him pleasantly away to a different author, before the habit I have spoken of be firmly fixed. Boys, however, outgrow this habit more easily than girls. With girls it sometimes becomes riveted for life, and it is certainly sad to see women of mature life still returning to the library year after year, repeating with aging lips their single ancient pleading: "Any of Mrs. Holmes's in?"

A librarian can do a good deal in the way of guiding boys and girls to broader fields of reading and higher ranges of thought and expression. In the first place, he may scatter on the tables by the catalogues little manuals like Richardson's excellent "Choice of Books," or Porter's "Books and Reading," together with occasional reviews of the newer books clipped from the paper or magazine and pasted on an attractive card. He may issue bulletins of the newer books, and now and then add "special lists" of the best books on particular subjects.

Then, if he have tact enough, he may seize

the opportunity that arises when the book called for is "not in" to hand the boy or girl a better one, asking whether he has ever read it or would like to try it. Cooper and Scott and Dickens will soon render weaker storytellers insipid, and then the step from Scott to Macaulay is not so very difficult.

By another route we may pass from Mayne Reid and "Robinson Crusoe" quite easily to Hartwig, and Du Chaillu, and Stanley, and Dr. Livingstone; from Jules Verne to Thomas Huxley; from Miss Alcott to Mrs. Burnett and Mrs. Ewing and Harriet Beecher Stowe.

It is also easy to lead a boy, through Oliver Optic, by way of Henty and Coffin and Higginson, to the "Century War-Book," the "Life of Lincoln," to Hildreth and to Bancroft. The principle is to observe the child's bent of reading, and, while indulging it, guide it along an ascending and broadening plane until the best is reached.

I confess that during one year I practised a mild sort of semi-deception. One day a girl from one of our factories repeated the trite demand for one of Mrs. Holmes's stories. They were all out. Acting on a sudden impulse, I offered "Elsie Venner," remarking quietly, "All the books by Mrs. Holmes are out, but here is one by Mr. Holmes; and some people think that he writes as well as Mrs. Holmes!"

The book was accepted and read with satisfaction, and later I had my reward when the stereotyped request began to vary to this: "If there's none of Mrs. Holmes's in, please give me one of the other Holmes's." I wrote to Dr. Holmes of the success of this little ruse, and told him that if he worked "real hard" he might "catch up with Mary yet." His appreciative reply is among my treasures.

I have devised and put in operation this year what I call for lack of a better word a system of *library rotation*. Certain portions of the books in several different departments, as, for example, fiction, history, travel, religion, literature, biography, and science, are removed from their regular positions in the stack-room, and set up on shelves and tables in the delivery room in front of the desk, where they remain for a certain time, say ten days. While there the public has absolutely free access to them, taking

them from the shelves for reading in the building, for consultation, or for the purpose of making selections from them for home-reading. When the time for which they were set out has elapsed, they are returned to their normal places in the stack, and the next consecutive portion of the books in each department is brought forward to serve its turn. In this way, the purpose is to rotate the entire library now and then before the eyes and through the hands of the public, who thus at least see and handle many valuable books, for which they never would call from merely seeing their titles in a catalogue.

This plan has been in operation now for nearly a year and is proving popular and successful.

It is noticeable that young people in particular select a higher class of reading when thus enabled to handle the books themselves. Not many young people would select from a catalogue "*The Life and Letters of Charles Bulfinch*," for example; but the book itself, with its handsome cover, its open type, its quaint and beautiful pictures challenges attention; and when it appears that Bulfinch was the designer of the most typical forms of early New England churches and school-houses, and of one of our own Pittsfield churches, the battle is won, and the book begins soon to show those marks of wear which are the valued evidences of usefulness.

Finally, much may be done by securing the coöperation of the teachers in our public schools. It happens here that our librarian is also a member of the school committee, and teachers are encouraged to send their pupils to the library to search for answers to all proper questions.

The relation between the public libraries and the public schools is very intimate. The teachers should keep the librarian constantly advised of the subjects they are working at, and the librarian should reserve books illustrating these subjects for the children, and also make up little special collections of such books, and send them

for a month at a time to the schools where they are most needed.

But better than the aid of printed guides, or the casual advice of librarian or teacher, is the wise and loving counsel of father and mother. Happy are those children who have at home friends able and willing to guide them in their early years of reading into the green pastures and by the still waters of the best and sweetest literature suited to their opening intelligence.

In bringing this paper to a close, I must say that I think very little of "courses" of reading, unless they are made exceedingly flexible. It is not natural for children, when taking a walk, to march like soldiers on duty, looking neither to the right hand nor to the left; and while they must be kept headed in the right direction, they must be allowed to make all kinds of little side excursions, now in pursuit of a butterfly or a flower, and again from sheer love of transient waywardness and wandering.

So if a boy were to be guided to a knowledge of our national history, I should give him some simple text-book as a sort of compass by which to steer his course; but I should encourage him to stop frequently along the way—now to follow out more fully the life of Columbus; now to wander with Cooper among the enchanted land of Indian chiefs and frontier bravery; now to hear a song from Longfellow or Whittier that may throw a halo of romance about the stern brows of the Puritan fathers; now to roam with Fremont over the Western plains; now to read the sad but thrilling story of the life of Burr.

Let each prominent event in history be a stopping-place, from which the leisurely reader may make free excursions into all the surrounding country of fact, of fable, of poetry, and of romance: just as the unhurried traveler reckons his advance, not by the number of miles he has journeyed, nor by the number of cities he has passed, but rather by the fullness of research he has been able to make in every town he has visited and in every portion of the country he has thoughtfully traversed.



BOOKS AND READING



SPOILING BOOKS.

IF you have any volumes you wish to wear out, a good way to make their lives short is to leave them open face downward, so as to break them through along the back. Another effective way is to shut up something thick between the leaves. This latter plan will be sure to crack the glue which fastens the leaves at the back, and the early fate of the hated volume will be assured. If you wish to disfigure the book rather than destroy it, there are other methods of bringing this about. Reading while eating is likely to spot a cover quite thoroughly, and may also put a few crumbs between the leaves; but nothing will more quickly dispose of a book than to leave it outdoors overnight, even if there is nothing worse than a heavy fall of dew to aid in your design. And, by the way, keep these methods of ill-treating books for those that really deserve harsh treatment.

THE BORROWERS' RHyme.

A FRIEND sends to this department four additional lines to be appended to those given in the January number. Here is his letter:

December 31, 1900.

EDITOR OF "BOOKS AND READING" DEPARTMENT.

DEAR SIR: In reading over the section entitled "Books and Reading," I find that the verses given under the head of "To Borrowers" are quite familiar to me. There are, however, four more lines, which, if my memory holds good, run as follows:

Stern power of Justice, lift thy hand,
In spite of Mercy's look;
Strike him who with presumptuous hand
Purloins this valued book.

Yours very truly,

R. CLIFTON STURGIS, JR.

FURTHER remarks upon the "grinning Cheshire cat" were promised; but it will perhaps be enough to say that in addition to the information already given, some correspondents say that "Cheshire cat" was a nickname formerly given to Cheshire young women, who were supposed to be shrewish and spiteful, and that

in full the phrase was: "To grin like a Cheshire cat eating cheese." Others say the Cheshire, or Chester, cat is a wild-cat that grins. The Twenty-second Regiment of the line in the English army is nicknamed the "Cheshire Cats." "Cheese cat" and "Chessy cat" are other forms of the expression. Are there not some ST. NICHOLAS readers in Cheshire, England, who can help to explain the puzzling phrase? Let them inquire of the "oldest inhabitant." Sometimes such phrases have a local explanation that make them clear. In medieval times a long timber set with teeth was known as a "cat." Perhaps the showing of the teeth in grinning may have suggested this contrivance. Who will tell us?

VERTICAL WRITING.

THE authorities in charge of the New York public schools have, after some delay, decided to insist that all scholars shall learn to write a slanting hand. It is strange that no one has suggested a middle course. Why would it not do to allow each pupil to choose his own handwriting, only taking care that whatever hand was chosen should be written neatly and plainly? It makes little difference what sort of writing is used so long as each letter is fully and clearly made. Handwriting is so much a matter of character that it seems unnatural to expect all the boys and girls in a school to form their letters on the same models.

RECOMMENDING THE LIBRARIANS tell us, as GOOD BOOKS.

MR. BALLARD reminds us in this number of ST. NICHOLAS, that many girls and boys go on reading poor books because no one tells them that better books are to be had. When once they are taught to know the flavor of better literature, the poorer mind-food loses its attraction. Most of you know what good reading is, and you may have it in your power to aid some less fortunate young reader by helping him to a wider knowledge of what the best writers have done for us all.

LEAP-YEARS IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY. An English correspondent sends the following letter answering a question asked in this department for February:

LANCASHIRE, ENGLAND, February 3, 1901.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: On page 360 of your February issue it is quoted that there will be twenty-four leap-years in the present century.

As a matter of fact, there will be twenty-five; probably the year 2000, which is a leap-year, is overlooked.

Every century has twenty-four leap-years at least, and every fourth century an additional one. This, of course, accounts for the twenty-fifth extra day mentioned at the end of your paragraph. The leap-years are inserted because the real length of the year is 365.256 days, approximately, not 365 days.

Your constant reader,

DAGMAR CURJEL (age 12 years).

TIME FOR READING. It is well to remember in getting together a library that it is also necessary to find time for reading the books you may collect. Of the volumes which you mean to consult for information, such as reference books, you may collect as many as are necessary to you; but volumes to be read through—each require a distinct period of time, and it will be useless to provide yourself with more than you are likely to read. The old proverb, "Enough is as good as a feast," applies to books as well as to food.

HERE is a letter from a correspondent who has visited a real "fairy village," such as was told about in the March "Books and Reading":

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In your March issue I noticed a paragraph about "Real Fairies," and I thought I should like to tell you of a happy day I spent visiting a village of beehive dwellings built by these pygmies, that archaeologists have discovered not far from where I stay.

Auchengaich Glen, where the huts are, is eight miles from Helensburgh; and one day we walked over and lunched there. It was a beautiful autumn day; the sky was blue, and every stone and bracken stood out in strong relief against the hill.

The road went as far as the mouth of the glen; but after that we had to climb over heathery ridges and leap from one moss-hag to another to avoid the treacherous peat-bogs, whose surfaces were covered with greenish slime, and at the edges the moss was turning from grayish green to vivid reds and pinks. The pygmy dwellings were about two miles up the glen, and from the mouth you could see the green grassy patch where they were situated. On the way we had to cross several tiny burns, looking so clear and cold, gurgling over the gray slate.

Soon we arrived at the dwellings. They were conical in shape, but the roofs fallen in, with openings at one side, with two great stones set up on end to serve as door-posts. The openings were large enough for a child of about six to crawl through between. One of the huts had still the lintel across the opening. Most of them would be about six feet in diameter. At first glance they appeared to be made of earth; but some of them had been excavated, and we could plainly see the built stone walls. After wandering about and exploring the little village, we sat down on the edge of one of the huts and ate our lunch of biscuits and apples. It seemed very far away and out of the world in that lonely glen, beside the dwellings of the "Little People." You almost expected to see little green-clad fairies peeping round their tiny doorways to see what adventurous mortal had dared to invade the solitude of their glen.

We were loath to leave the glen and its enchantments, but by the time we reached home we were very tired and ravenously hungry.

Yours very truly,

TINA GRAY (age 16).

HISTORICAL NOVELS.

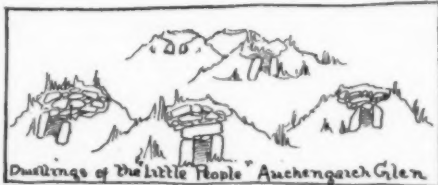
It is an excellent plan to read historical novels in pairs. Thus the period of Cromwell might well be read from the view of the Roundheads and from that of the Cavaliers.

KEEPING TRACK OF YOUR BOOKS.

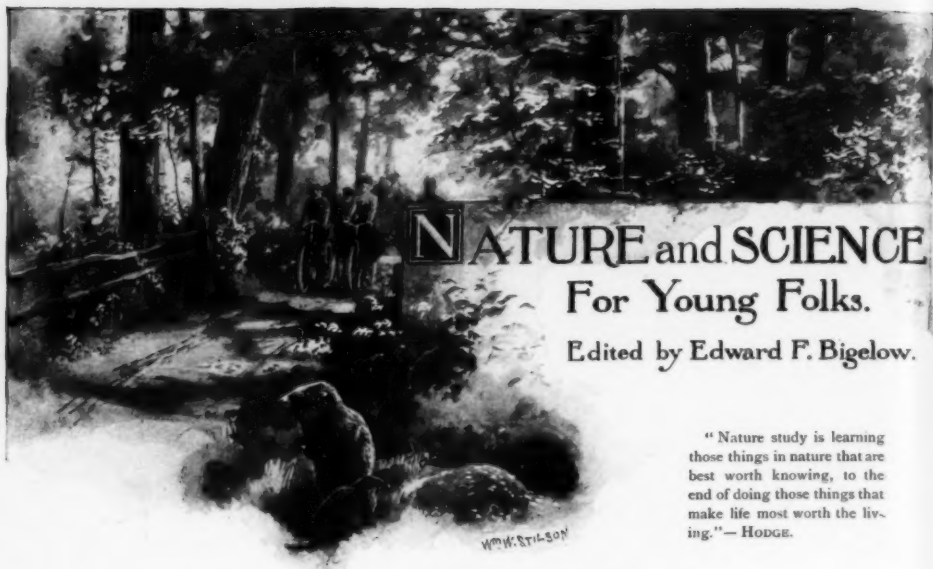
If you wish to keep a list of the books you own, it will be found an excellent plan to buy one of the small boxes of index cards that are advertised in so many magazines. This will be found much more convenient than a blank-book. By writing the name of each book on a separate card, you can jot down on the card any information concerning the book. Thus, when it is lent, write lightly in pencil the name and address of the borrower, and the date. If the book contains anything to which you may wish to refer, it is an easy matter to make a note of the page on the card. If the book is given away, lost, or sold, the card can be taken out of the box and filed elsewhere or destroyed. These index cards may be classified according to subjects, in alphabetical order, or in any way

you please, whereas the blank-book system is not changeable. By the cards you may always know just where every book is. The time to begin the use of any system is when one is young, and before the library grows.

Your librarian will be glad to tell you the best ways of using a card system.



THE DRAWING BY TINA GRAY.



"Nature study is learning those things in nature that are best worth knowing, to the end of doing those things that make life most worth the living."—HODGE.

SURPRISING THE WOODCHUCKS BY THE ROADSIDE.

A MERRY JULY OUTING ON BICYCLES.

"SURPRISED?" Yes, all were, and I have n't yet decided which were most surprised—the young folks on their bicycles, as they came over the hill and around a curve, or the mother woodchuck and a half-grown little one near the mouth of the hole by the roadside.

The younger woodchuck was feeding on a clump of clover near the wagon-track of the

road, and thus being the first to see the party coming over the hill, started first to escape, running by the mother woodchuck, who was so surprised that for a moment she seemed to have forgotten to discontinue her listening attitude, and then to rush home in the usual panic-stricken haste. But the delay was only for an instant, and then there was the brief and laughable waddling, followed by a

glimpse of two hind legs and the flip of a tail as the astonished fat woodchuck tumbled, rather than ran, into the hole in the ground.



SONG-SPARROW, BLACK-EYED SUSAN, AND YARROW.



THE FLICKERS.



THE CASCADES, ROCKS, AND FERNS.

"I saw them first—counts me a mile!" exclaimed both Harold and Minnie, who were taking the lead of the party. Perhaps some of our young folks don't know what "counts a mile" means. It is the bicycle-naturalists' way of racing, and yet all riding leisurely together. A mile was to be reckoned not by the figures on the cyclometer, but by each thing of interest seen and noted in the "score-book" of the day.

"All right; you both take the woodchuck, and I'll have that song-sparrow for my first record," claimed Ruby, who had been in the rear at the woodchuck "surprise party."

And, by the way, it is n't always the one that rides first or fastest that wins in this kind of racing.

"See our old friend 'black-eyed Susan.' I'll book her as a specimen," claimed Dorothy. But from Susan, in reply, like the famous jack-in-the-pulpit,

We heard not a word.

"Perhaps she is listening to your song-sparrow over the wall—"

"Or gathering the yarrow for her tea," broke in Reginald.

"They're my flickers," claimed Ruby, as she entered it in the note-book, and added, "I wish all names counted. If they did, I'd beat you all on those birds alone, for I'd have 'yellowhammer,' 'golden-winged woodpecker,' 'high-hole,' 'wake-up,' and enough other names—about forty—to



THE FROG-POND AND PICTURESQUE SURROUNDINGS.

THE KINGFISHER PEERING INTO THE WATER.

fill a whole page of my note-book, for this bird is, as we all know, overnamed."

And thus the young folks went on their way, finding always something of interest, for to the nature-lover it seems as if there is always to be found something of ever-increasing interest.

But they got a terrible scolding for seeing so many things. It was given them by the squirrel in the branch of the tree that stood near and over the falls and the beautiful ravine. "*Stop, stop! Get out! What business have you here? Go—go quick, quicker-r-r-r!*" He almost said it, fully acted it, and surely emphasized it by flourishes of his tail.

But all the scoldings of a half-dozen squirrels would n't have been sufficient to prevent the young folks from admiring and gathering a few specimens of the dainty maidenhair spleenwort that grew from the crevices of the rock overhanging the pool below the cascade. On top of the huge rock was a beautiful clump of the polypody, or rock-fern.

Near the road on the way home was a frog-pond in picturesque surroundings. It was fringed with various flags, sedges, and dotted with many pond-lilies and other aquatic plants. There was a beautiful background of alders, willows, and taller shrubs and trees. A belted kingfisher was peering down into the water as if his dinner depended on the keenness of his eyes. This bird prefers the small fish in streams and ponds, but also obtains food from the pools, and sometimes eats grasshoppers, crickets, and beetles.

Who beat in this race? You'd like to know? Why, it is hard to say. Ruby certainly had the most entries in her score-book. But no one of all the party was disappointed, as is always the case in this kind of racing. The cyclometer surely is not the best measure of success in such an outing.

BABY STARFISHES.

How old is a starfish? Sometimes you find one no bigger than the head of a pin, and again one as large as a soup-plate. Did you ever wonder how many days or years old either one of them might be? Or whether the larger one might be the older brother or great-great-

grandfather of the little one? Curiously enough, nobody has been able, till within a year or two, to answer these questions. But now, fortunately, we are wiser. You know that boys and girls eat their three meals a day, and grow fairly regularly, so that boys of the same age are of pretty much the same size. You certainly would never mistake a child of three for a man of thirty. With the starfish, however, it is entirely different; for the baby stars, which are all hatched late in the spring within a few weeks of one another, may go



TWO STARFISHES OF THE SAME AGE — SIX WEEKS. About three-fifths natural size (after Mead). The well-fed animal is nearly five thousand times larger, in mass and weight, than the other.

through the entire summer with virtually nothing to eat. All this time they remain perfectly healthy, but grow scarcely at all; and at the end of six months they are not so very much larger than a pinhead. If, on the other hand, the starfish happens to be born where he can find plenty of barnacles and small clams and mussels, he does little except eat, and grows astonishingly fast. Thus it may happen that, of two starfishes hatched the same day, the one which has been well fed may, at the end of half a year, be *very many times* as large as the other which has gone hungry. You will see how remarkable this is if you will remember that a grown man is only about five times as large as a child of two, even though he may

be twenty times as old. So, you see, a starfish of average size may be a very young animal which has been well fed, or a very old one which has lived on short rations, and the young star may be very many times larger than his own grandfather.

EDWIN TENNY BREWSTER.

PLAYING POSSUM.

"Is n't it—" The remark I was mentally making was never finished. Standing in the depth of a wood, I had laid my finger-tips lightly on a dome-shaped nest that rested on a poison-ivy vine.

"Is n't it soft?" I was going to say. At that moment, out of the nest, and out upon the vine, shot a mother mouse and her five young ones.

There was then given me an example of the wonderful quickness with which instinct works. For, after the desperate dash from their endangered home, every one of those animals apparently realized that on a vine, with no chance of running away, its only hope was to "play possum." And so each lay as if dead. It was only by the frightened eye and heaving side that one knew of the agitation within.

Slowly I stepped back a few paces, crouched down, and began my play of possum. Only the day before a bird had kept me waiting twenty minutes until he moved. How long would the feigning mice keep me waiting?



"ONE AT LAST FELL TO THE GROUND. IT REMAINED WHERE IT FELL."



THE MOTHER MOUSE AND HER YOUNG ONES
"PLAY POSSUM" ON THE VINE.

Minutes passed; there was no movement, except on the part of two young mice who had dashed ahead of the others upon the vine, where it slanted sharply downward, and being unable to retain their hold, they began to slip, a fraction of an inch at a time. But even their slipping was like that of inanimate things; there was no violent movement of the body to recover its position. One at last fell to the ground. It might have been an acorn or a piece of bark, so far as any sign of life was concerned. It remained where it fell.

Ten minutes passed; six seemingly dead mice in front of me. Absolute silence.

Fifteen minutes passed. A rustle, the flash of a cottontail, and again silence.

Twenty minutes passed. There was noticeable among the lower tree-branches on my left a curious undulating movement, which came toward me. There was a cautious whispering.

It became an inquisitive whispering. The author of it, a red squirrel, appeared on the tree-trunk in full view. The whispering became a chattering. He ran up and down the tree; he jumped to the ground, and into a mass of dried leaves just behind my back, stirring things up so one would have thought a large man was raking. I remained motionless. The squirrel grew excited. He rushed around and upon a small stump at my right; he sat up, he drummed with his feet, he scolded.

Through all this excitement my eyes had not left the mice. I looked again at my watch. For half an hour those six mice had remained motionless. The sun was down. I was growing tired, and also felt that the poor mother mouse had been kept in suspense long enough. I decided to leave them.

An impulse seized me. Reaching forward with a stick, I lightly touched the mouse that had fallen from the vine. It was as though the shadow of a flying bird passed over the ground. The mouse was no longer to be seen.

I turned and waved my hand toward that

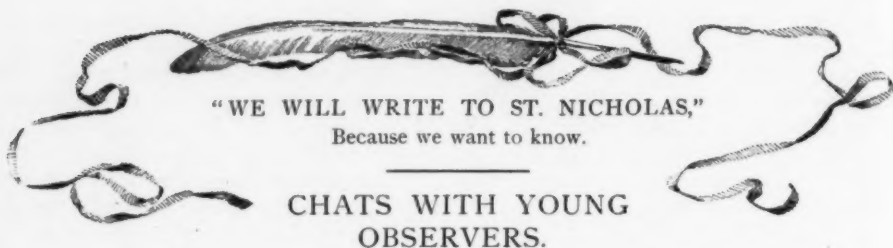
chattering squirrel. For the moment I was the magician; there was no more sound, no squirrel, only again that undulating movement among the branches, this time receding.

I looked up; around me the curious quiet of a wood-interior at twilight. I walked slowly away.

"I wonder how much longer mother mouse will play possum?" I looked back, and straining my eyes through the gathering darkness, I saw that she had turned, and was cautiously moving toward the nest.

Her "playing possum" was at an end.

GEORGE F. MUENDEL.



HALF-A-DOZEN MICROSCOPES FREE.

If you have seen a large and complicated microscope, you may have regarded it with awe as a very mysterious instrument. But awe changes to love of the instrument when we learn that a microscope, large or small, is merely to aid us in seeing many very interesting things that cannot be seen in all their beauty without its aid.

This is, perhaps, the more readily understood in the case of the simple microscope held in the hand, but is equally true of the larger compound instrument with its showy brass stand and the tube that contains the various combinations of lenses.

The use of the compound microscope has greatly increased within a few years.

One naturalist (Gosse), who not only appreci-

ates its efficiency as a tool of science, but its value as a source of pleasure, aptly says of it:

"Like the work of some genie of Oriental fable, the brazen tube is the key that unlocks a world of wonder before invisible, which one who has once gazed upon it can never forget, and never cease to admire."

But this pleasure is not confined to the "brazen tube"—the large and expensive compound microscope. Even pocket microscopes are a great aid in our pleasure of

seeing and knowing a very interesting near-by world of wonders hidden from even the best of unaided eyes.

"No one who possesses even a pocket microscope of the most limited powers can fail to find amusement and instruction, even though he were in the midst of Sahara itself." Every



FIG. 1. THREE-LENS SIMPLE MICROSCOPE.

nature lover who has used a pocket microscope to best advantage will heartily agree with the Rev. J. G. Wood in that statement.

The editor of this department desires that every boy and girl interested in nature and science may have some form of microscope—a good compound one for desk or table, if possible; at least a simple one for the pocket. Especially to call the attention of the young folks to the value of even small microscopes, he will give away six simple microscopes, three mounted on stands, as shown in Fig. 2, and three for the pocket, as shown in Fig. 1. There are only six to be thus disposed of, and it is *essential that they go where they will do the most good*—to the six young folks who will most appreciate and best use them. Tell me by letter what

you can see with such a microscope, and how you would use it. The three mounted microscopes (Fig. 2) will be awarded to the three writers of the best three letters regarding the use of a simple microscope, and the three unmounted pocket microscopes to the three next in excellence. Now what do you wish really to see? (Not merely *look at*.) Where are you sure such a microscope will aid you?

You may obtain aid from others. In fact, it is especially desired in this contest that you seek advice from grown-up friends or other boys and girls that have used a microscope. The best letters may be written by young folks that have never owned or used a microscope, but have had a few "peeps into wonderland" through a microscope belonging to some friend.

Letters must reach me before August 1, as

the microscopes will be mailed that day, reaching the six young microscopists in time for use in the last half of vacation, in the autumn, and many, many times thereafter.

The letters from some or all of these six young would-be microscopists, when published, will doubtless be of much aid to other young folks who have microscopes and desire to know how to use them to best advantage.



FIG. 2. SIMPLE MICROSCOPE MOUNTED ON STAND.

THE CRICKET AND ITS MUSIC.

MORRISTOWN, N. J.

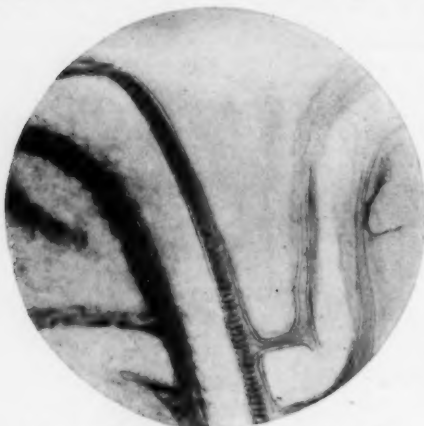
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I will tell you this true story about crickets. One summer, when I was at Block Island, I heard a little chirp behind my trunk; it turned out to be a cricket. It chirped all night, and it chirped all day, so sweetly that when it came time to go home I did not have the heart to leave it behind. I put it in a little basket, with a piece of flannel to feed on. Block Island is about a night's travel, by boat, from my home; but it arrived safely, although I was troubled, for I could not hear it chirp, the steamer made such a noise. I remember peeping in several times to see if it was alive. When I reached home I put it in the fireplace for good luck. Whether he is there himself, or has found a mate and left children to carry on the song, I do not know; but it is true that ever since a chirp has been heard on the dining-room hearth.

Your loving reader,

M. A. RYERSON.

The chirp of the cricket, associated with many pleasant evenings in the country, is produced by

the wings, which are very different from those of the katydids and grasshoppers in that they do not meet in a ridge above the body like a roof, but are bent sharply at the edge of the



MAGNIFIED VIEW OF A SMALL PART OF A CRICKET'S WING, SHOWING THE "FILE."

Can be seen with pocket microscope.

body like a box-cover. Look at the back of the cricket without a microscope, and you will see that the arrangement of ridges, curves, and convolutions forms a pretty shield-shaped design covering nearly the entire back.

During the last part of the summer, and in the autumn, it has been very interesting to watch those "fiddlers" calling their mates. By moving quietly in the direction of the sound, and stopping whenever the cricket stops chirping, but moving on again as he renews his song, we can see how he does it. This can be done in the night by the aid of a lantern, as the crickets do not seem to mind the lights.

In examining the wing-covers with a microscope, we find that there are ridges like a file. On another part there is a hard plate that may be called the scraper. The wing-covers move back and forth sidewise, so that the file and scraper rasp upon each other, making the musical vibration.

LARVA IN A PIECE OF WOOD.

CARBONDALE, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I recently found in a shallow part of a lake a hollow piece of wood, about an inch and a half long, and two eighths of an inch in diameter, containing a grub about half of an inch long. Can you tell me what the name of this grub is? If so, please answer in "Because I Want to Know," and oblige,

Your reader,

KENDALL MORSE.

This is evidently the larva of some insect, but the description will apply about equally well to at least three or four orders. I suspect that it is one of the larger caddis-flies, possibly the *Neuronia* which was described in ST. NICHOLAS for February, 1900, and is not uncommon in New York and Pennsylvania. To identify accurately I must have the specimen, for there are some differences that cannot easily be observed, and are even more difficult of description.

FOUND A GIANT BUG.

OGDENSBURG, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This bug I am sending you was found on the street of this city a few days ago. I have looked up back numbers of your Nature and Science department but have not seen anything like it described. I am interested to know its name, and hope you will be able to tell me.

Your devoted reader,

Age 12 years.

CHARLES W. BUCKLEY.

In this case the word "bug" is correctly used. The specimen sent is literally a *bug* (a

member of the *Hemiptera* family), a big bug—so big that we call it the giant water-bug. Because they are frequently attracted to lights, especially electric lights, into which they fly in journeys from pond to pond, being killed or badly injured, they are also called electric-light bugs. In some places, because seen only near the electric lights, or since the town was thus lighted, a few people have foolishly alleged that the existence of the bug depends on the light.

Scientists call this huge blundering fellow *Belostoma Americana*.



THE GIANT BUG.

A FLICKER IN A BUTTER-FIRKIN.

NEWTON CENTER, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Last spring I put up in a chestnut-tree in our back yard a butter-firkin for the birds. It had a hole in one side of it, and rested on a platform which extended out in front of the hole.

Nothing came in last summer, but in the fall a gray squirrel made it his home. He made a nest of leaves inside, and began to get a store of chestnuts. We had a dog who chased him; so he moved away. This spring I noticed a bird fly into the firkin. I found out that he was a flicker, and every morning he came out on the platform and looked around. He is still there, for I saw him fly into his home this afternoon.

There is also an oriole's nest in the same tree, which I have indicated in my drawing.

Yours truly,

THURLOW S. WIDGER.

With this letter was an excellent sketch of the tree-top showing positions of the firkin and the oriole's nest among the branches. The accompanying illustration presents all the features shown in the sketch by the writer of the letter. The artist has added a few details, such as birds and leaves on the tree.

By the way, these interesting homes in a tree-top remind me of an excellent book, "Travels in a Tree-top," by Dr. C. C. Abbott. Get it from your local library.

Later in the spring Master Widger wrote of further events in the tree-top:

After the flicker had been living in the firkin a few weeks, the squirrel took it into his head that he would like to have his home back again. He began to work early one morning, and would strip off pieces of bark

from the branches, roll them into a ball which he put into his mouth, and then go with it to line the firkin.

The flicker came home that night, and seeing some one had started to use his firkin, pulled the bark out with its bill, and threw it on the ground. This fight continued about a week; the squirrel building his nest in the daytime, and the flicker pulling it out at sunset. Finally the flicker gave it up, and a pair of squirrels moved into the firkin and now occupy it.



THE CHESTNUT TREE-TOP AND THE INTERESTING BIRD HOMES.

Our young correspondent tells us also of an oriole's nest in the same tree-top, and this is shown in the illustration. In sharp contrast to the flicker's loss of home is the great security of this nest, which is excellently protected from rain and the dangers that beset most of our birds. Woe to would-be robber bird that peers into the opening of the pocket-nest, which the owner defends with her dagger-like beak!

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.



"WHEN SPRING COMES." BY C. P. JAMES, AGE 12. (GOLD BADGE.)

SUN and dust in the village street,
Song where brook and shadow meet,
Drowsy bee and butterfly,
Clovered fields, and that 's July.

Now and then we must review something of the plan and purpose of the League, so that all the new readers and all those who are willing to become new readers may learn about it, and just why they ought to join.

The St. Nicholas League is an organization of ST. NICHOLAS readers throughout the world, and is the largest and most progressive club of young people ever formed. Its purpose is the wholesome encouragement of talent and ingenuity, patriotism, healthful recreation, and the kindly treatment of animals.

The badge of the St. Nicholas League and an instruction leaflet are sent free to any reader, or to any one desiring to become a reader of the magazine, upon receipt of a stamped and addressed envelope in which to return them. Cash prizes and gold and silver badges are awarded each month to those whose efforts show unusual merit, not as payment for the work itself, but as a recognition of worthy effort and a well-deserved encouragement to all who are perseveringly making good use of their talents, and will one day realize that in well and faithfully doing lies the still greater reward.



"WHEN SPRING COMES." BY ELIZABETH SPIES, AGE 11. (GOLD BADGE.)

The League will soon be two years old now, and in that brief time we have seen some of its members develop from talented boys and girls into young men and women whose work shall presently find a worthy place amid the achievements of the great world without. These are the League graduates. They have no diplomas beyond the badges and honors they have won, but they

have had much which no other school of art and literature can give them. They have met in competition the most talented children in the world; they have had part in a great monthly exhibition of what these children are doing. Their work has been considered and passed upon exactly as it will be considered and passed upon by those to whom it may be offered for sale; they have been taught to prepare it properly, and when it was worthy they have seen it as worthily reproduced, and thus known something of the "taste of print," sometimes so long and so discouragingly delayed.

Concerning the present competition, there have been more good photographs and fewer good drawings than usual. Just why, it would be hard to say. It was believed that "Our Animal Friends" would be a favorite subject for the young artists, but we believe there were fewer really good animal drawings received than have come sometimes when another subject has been given. We will try to have something popular this time, something that will make every young artist try very hard indeed.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 19.

IN making the awards, contributors' ages are taken into consideration.

VERSE. Gold badges, Anna Taylor (age 14), 83 S. Franklin St., Wilkes Barre, Pa., and Helen Bartlett Maxcy (age 16), 26 Berwick Park, Boston, Mass.

Silver badges, Claire Dulon (age 16), 2221 Prairie Ave., Chicago, Ill., and Marcia L. Webber (age 16), Schuyler, Neb.

PROSE. Cash prize, Edmond W. Palmer (age 15), 4005 Powelton Ave., West Philadelphia, Pa.

Gold badge, Margaret Graham Blaine (age 11), Taunton, Mass. Silver badge, Dorothy Douglass (age 9), 37 Hodge Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

DRAWING. Gold badge, Charles N. Cruttenden (age 16), Northfield, Minn.

Silver badges, Marian Avery (age 13), 27 E. Gregory St., Pensacola, Fla., and Edmund Parker Chase (age 6), 2901 Grand Ave., Des Moines, Ia.

PHOTOGRAPHY. Gold badges, C. P. James (age 12), 248 E. 61st St., Chicago, Ill., and Elizabeth Spies (age 11), 119 S. Mountain Ave., Montclair, N. J.

Silver badges, Harold V. Smith (age 15), Box 71, Tilton, N. H., and Stanley Webster (age 15), 100 Elm St., Montclair, N. J.

WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPHY. First, "Wild Elk," by Irving Roberts (age 12), Ft. Collins, Col. Second, "Roebuck Preparing to Break Cover," by Charley Strozzi (age 17), Villino Strozzi, Via Valfonda, Florence,

Italy. Third, "California Sea-gulls," by Ralph Lyon (age 14), 91 Maple St., Englewood, N. J.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Cash prize, Bertha B. Janney (age 15), 189 Court St., Keene, N. H.

Gold badge, Claire van Daell (age 15), 2058 N. 63d St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Silver badge, Edwin Partridge Lehman (age 12), Redlands, Cal.

PUZZLE-ANSWERS. Gold badge, Sara Lawrence Kellogg (age 14), Ridley Park, Pa. Silver badge, E. S. Jamieson, Cleve House, Lawrenceville, N. J.



"WHEN SPRING COMES." BY HAROLD V. SMITH, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

CELEBRATION OF THE FOURTH AS SEEN BY A VISITOR FROM THE PLANET JUPITER.

BY ANNA TAYLOR (AGE 14).

(Gold Badge.)

I ARRIVED in this world on the first of the year,
And learning the language I found very queer;
But after six months of my study had passed,
I thought I had learned all the customs at last.
However, one morning, when I was in bed,
I was filled with a feeling of fear and of dread.
I never had heard such noises before,
Save once when some Jupiter tribes waged a war.

After tremblingly dressing, I went to my friend,
And asked if the world was approaching its end.
My friend laughed and told me I really must know
That one hundred and twenty odd summers ago
The American people declared they were free
From England, their mother, who sent them
some tea;

So, ringing a bell on the Fourth of July,
They let the world know they'd have freedom
or die.

And ever since then, when this day comes around,
The children buy anything making a sound—
Toy cannon and pistols, fire-crackers and guns,
With gentle torpedoes for quieter ones.
The evening approached, and my fears mounted
higher,

For the sky was illumined with colors of fire;
And I longed for my planet 'way up in the sky,
Where people have no noisy Fourth of July.

THE CELEBRATION OF INDE- PENDENCE DAY.

BY HELEN BARTLETT MAXCY (AGE 16).

(Gold Badge.)

HEARKEN, ye people! The day when we 'stablished
our freedom is nearing.

Then was the birth of a nation; then her first cry to
the world,

When in the face of oppression she flung her defiance
unfearing,

When the first day of her glory saw Liberty's
banner unfurled.

Small was our country, but brave; and the strug-
gle was long ere 't was ended.

Mighty the hand at the helm that guided our
stanch "ship of state";

Ours was the victory then, and slowly our nation
extended;

Wise have her counselors been; world-wide
is her power and great.

Hearken, ye people rejoicing! Of our country's
fame are we speaking.

Give ye praise for her works since the glorious
day of her birth.

Add to your praises the prayer that ever the
best goal seeking,

All lands be at peace together—good will
throughout all the earth.

THE LIBERTY BELL'S FIRST CELEBRATION.

BY MARCIA L. WEBBER (AGE 16).

(Silver Badge.)

THE great iron bell with impatient sigh
Glanced from its post in the belfry high
At the eager, expectant crowd below,
And thought, "Were there ever men so slow!
Just a few words here, some writing there,
And my voice with joy would fill the air."
But no signal was given, no hand was raised,
And still on the throng the noon sun blazed.
The great iron bell with despairing sigh



"WHEN SPRING COMES." BY STANLEY WEBSTER, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

Raised its head to the summer sky,
Muttering, "A failure, I declare!"
When "Ring, grandpa, ring!" came through the air;
And the wrinkled bellman raised his hand,
To send the tidings o'er the land,
While the sun in the heavens brighter grew
And o'er the earth its glory threw.
The great iron bell with exultant shout
Pealed the joyful message out:
"A nation's freedom is won to-day;
England's command has passed away!"
So wild was the bell that its iron back
For very joy was obliged
to crack!
"And thus," it sighed,
"as a celebration
I give my life, and God
bless the nation!"

A DAY IN JULY.

BY MARGARET GRAHAM
BLAINE (AGE 11).
(Gold Badge.)

IN New England we celebrate the Fourth of July with a clam-bake, besides firecrackers and horns. This clam-bake on Fourth of July is the first bake of the season, and is generally for the benefit of some church. It may seem funny to you that the churches depend as much on the clam-bake to pay the minister's salary as they do on strawberry festivals and fairs. I will tell you about one I went to on the Fourth of July. The bake is held in a grove. When you are within a quarter of a mile of the bake you can smell the savory smell of the clams, and I can hardly wait to get there. The man who has charge of the bake selects some nice large stones and makes a bed of them in the shape of a circle. He heats them red-hot. (The strange thing about these stones is, you can never use the same stones twice.) He then makes a bed of seaweed and puts the clams on top. The bakes in August and September have corn and sweet potatoes; but I will tell you what we did have in July. They put a bag of onions in with the clams, and have dressing in pans, fish wrapped in cloths. They put a bed of seaweed on top, and cover it all over with a piece of canvas or sail-cloth. When the clams, onions, and "fixin's" are well steamed, the man cries out, "The bake is open!" Then men, women, and children all scramble for seats. The tables are long boards set upon horses; the seats are long benches. Small boys and waiters get pails of clams and dump them down on the tables, and each one helps himself and throws the shells on the ground. I forgot to say there were no table-cloths on the tables. Melted butter is passed in pitchers, fish and dressing in pans, and onions in pails. The price of the dinner ticket is fifty cents. You may think this is a very heathenish kind of a feast, but it is considered a

great treat to be invited to a first-class clam-bake. I hope some time you all will be able to enjoy a good old-fashioned New England clam-bake.

ONE JULY DAY.

BY DOROTHY DOUGLASS (AGE 9).
(Silver Badge.)

IT was the Fourth of July in Olympus, and Zeus had sent Cupid down to earth to get some fire-crackers.

He said he was going to show the other gods that he knew some things that men used. He sent the page out on a cloud, and the page blew a silver whistle. At that instant gods came leaping from cloud to cloud in all directions.

"Gods of Olympus, know that the great Zeus hath decided to give an entertainment in Olympus Hall," shouted a page. "How many would like to come?"

"I," said Cupid, who had just returned from earth.

"I will," said Venus.

"I will come if I must," said Thor.

The Goddess of Discord only smiled to herself.

Next day all the gods met and took their seats. Zeus was sitting on his golden throne. The crackers were placed in the middle; the matches lay near them. The Goddess of Discord entered, and before any one could stop her, she had taken a match and lighted the tail of a cracker. Boom-m-m, boom-m-m!

Out they all rushed, and for half an hour the gods were having a hot time in Olympus.



"WHEN SPRING COMES." BY GERTRUDE WEINACHT, AGE 9.
(WINNER OF GOLD BADGE IN APRIL.)

ONE JULY DAY.

BY ROBA FORBES (AGE 11).

ONE bright morning, we children and the dog were out in a pasture not far from the house with my brother, who was getting specimens for his botany.

One of us noticed that the dog was sniffing at something, and saw that it was a nest built on the ground.

Yes, a nest, and in it were five little baby birds. The botany was forgotten.

We thought a long time before we decided that they were meadow-larks. Then I ran home for bread.

They were almost too small to eat, but one ate a little.

We thought they had no mother, but one day saw her flying from the nest. The second time we went we had to take "Dewey," the dog, with us to find the nest, but he would not hurt them for anything.

They got so that when we came their mouths would be wide open for something to eat and drink.

We had a shallow dish that we would put water in, and it was lots of fun to see them stick their feet in it.



"WILD ELK." BY IRVING ROBERTS, AGE 12.
(FIRST PRIZE, "WILD ANIMALS.")

We put the food in their mouths just as the mother would. Sometimes we would get so much in their mouths that it would make them nearly choke.

As they got older and stronger we would find them a foot or a foot and a half away from the nest, and sometimes would have to hunt to find them. But one morning one of them was gone and never found, so we suppose it was that same one that ate first had got strong enough to fly; and that night they had all taken flight, for the little nest was bare and lonesome.

But some time afterward we would see them perch upon the fences.

The beauty of this little story is that all of the children of the neighborhood knew about them and cared for them, but none were cruel enough to hurt them.

A FRENCH GIRL'S IMPRESSION OF THE CELEBRATION OF JULY FOURTH.

BY CLAIRE DULON (AGE 16).

(Silver Badge.)

FIVE o'clock!
What a shock!
Horrors, it's the Fourth!
In my fright I hide my head
And creep farther into bed.
Yells, explosions, shouts, and
cries
Fill the air and rend the skies.
Oh, this dreadful celebration
Of the great American nation!

When I reach the garden fair
Desolation greets me there:
Punk sets fire to everything;
Boys around me shout and sing.
Now I'm frightened and I run,
But they think that's glorious
fun.

Fiery missiles follow me,
And into the house I flee.
In the attic now I hide;
Mice about me proudly stride;
But, thank heavens, I am far
From the racket as of war
Caused by this dread celebration
Of the great American nation!



"ROEBUCK PREPARING TO BREAK COVER." BY CHARLEY
STROZZI, AGE 17. (SECOND PRIZE, "WILD ANIMALS.")

A KEEN RETORT.

BY E. ADELAIDE HAHN (AGE 7).

"The knife always cuts me,"
The bread-loaf sighed.
"But the bread is so crusty,"
The knife replied.

ONE DAY IN JULY.

BY DOROTHEA SIDNEY PAUL (AGE 11).

"Oh, my, it's so hot!" exclaimed Edna Kampfe, as she lay back in the hammock. "I am sure," she went on, "it was not this warm the day before the Declaration of Independence was signed."

Then Edna yawned and lay back in the hammock,



"CALIFORNIA SEA-GULLS." BY RALPH LYON, AGE 14.
(THIRD PRIZE, "WILD ANIMALS.")

while her history book fell to the ground. It was the third day of July, and she had been reading about the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

Suddenly some one tapped her on the shoulder. She turned, and there before her stood a little old-fashioned man.

"Why, who are you?" asked the astonished little girl.

"I am John Hancock," he said. "I came to tell you that it was a very warm day on the 3d of July in '76."

"Did you really sign the Declaration with great big letters?" asked Edna, somewhat doubtfully.

"Of course," answered Mr. Hancock. "I would n't have thought of signing my name in small letters that King George might not have noticed. I was not going to let him think I was one of those who was not for independence."

Here he stopped and seemed quite out of breath.

"You're very nice, I think," ventured Edna, "but you don't come up to Washington."

Mr. Hancock nodded, and said: "It is quite late; I must be going. I did not mean to



"WHEN SPRING COMES." BY ROLAND F. CARR, AGE 13.

stay as long as I did. I only came to assure you that it was very warm on the 3d of July in '76, shut up in Independence Hall in Philadelphia, with the eager crowd of people waiting outside. Don't you remember, in 'The Liberty Bell,' which you are going to recite at the picnic to-morrow, it says, 'And the sweat stood on their temples in the earnestness of speech?' Then, with a tip of his hat and a pleasant "good afternoon," he was gone.

"Edna!" called a voice from the house, and she jumped up, to find she had been asleep. But it seemed so real that she said to her mother: "Why, I actually heard the gate click when he went out." But mama said that most likely it was Harold, who shut the gate when he came in from the store. And Edna still thinks of her talk with John Hancock one July day.

A BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION.

BY HARRY F. MILLER (AGE 13).

LAST Friday I was ten years old;
It did n't stir the nation,
But mother said she 'd let me have
A birthday celebration.

So I invited all my friends—
They numbered not a few;
And lo! when Friday came I found
That all my friends came, too.

We had a regular tiptop time;
The day was like a dream;
And we had cake and oranges,
And, oh, the best ice-cream.

My friends all said they were so pleased
They 'd surely come again,
And said they hoped I 'd soon be 'leven,
So I could have them then.

I think that I would like to have
A birthday every day,
And every day could be Saturday,
So I could get to play.

But still, 't is best to study, too,
For when you are a man,
If you are smart, you can surely buy
Your ice-cream by the can!

ONE JULY DAY.

BY J. COTTER CONNELL (AGE 12).

ON one day in July, nearly one hundred and twenty-five years ago, a little boy was sitting on a chair near the door of the hall where Congress was in session. His grandfather, who was the bell-ringer of Independence Hall, had stationed him there so that if Congress agreed upon a declaration, his bell, which was in the tower of the hall, should be the first to proclaim the glad news.

After much suspense, the boy saw the members coming out. Going up to a tall man with a kindly face,—who, by the way, was Thomas Jefferson,—he said, "Please, sir, has the Congress agreed to a declaration?"

"They have, my child," said the gentleman, and passed on.

"Hurrah!" said the boy. "Ring, grandfather, ring! They 've agreed, they 've agreed!"

And then the great old bell proclaimed "liberty to all the land, and to all the inhabitants thereof."



"WHEN SPRING COMES." BY JESSE W. LILIENTHAL, AGE 13.

HIS PATRIOTISM.

BY PAULINE CROLI
(AGE 15).

ON the Fourth of July
For my country I 'd die!
Hurrah!

But I 'm too young for that,
So I 'll just wave my hat
And hurrah!

ONE JULY DAY.

(A True Story.)

BY FERDINAND W. HAASIS
(AGE 12).

ON the 2d of July, 1898, my brother, two friends, and myself were at one of my friends' house, and we wanted something to do, when one of my friends said, "Let 's make a cannon for Fourth of July."

So we took a brass cannon we had, built a fire, and melted some lead in an old pot, filled the brass cannon, and tried to stick a stick in it to make the hole. But,



"WHEN SPRING COMES." BY KATHERINE GARDNER, AGE 15.



"ANIMAL FRIENDS." BY SANFORD TOUSEY, AGE 17. (WINNER OF GOLD, SILVER, AND CASH PRIZES.)

alas! the lead was too hard, so we put the brass cannon in the fire to melt out the lead, and sat down to wait. While we were waiting we talked about fireworks. My brother was just talking about sky-rockets, when I heard a deafening roar, saw a cloud of smoke rise in front of me, and ran. When things had quieted down a little we found we were covered with lead. It is n't out of my clothes yet, and the boy that owned the cannon said that it had a little powder left in it. We have n't found that cannon to this day.

CELEBRATING HER SEVENTH BIRTHDAY.

BY INEZ FULLER (AGE 13).

"DING!" went the door-bell.

"Ah! who are they?"

"Congratulations to one

Who is seven to-day."

"Ding, ding!" it repeated.

"My, my! what fun!"

"Hello! Helen, my dear,

Who is 'seven times one'?"

And all day long

Congratulations were hearty,

For to-day was Helen's

First surprise-party.

ONE JULY DAY.

BY GUSTAVUS EDWARD BENTLEY
(AGE 10).

ON the Fourth of July there was a great noise in the village. Every boy was firing off fire-crackers at a great rate. My cousins and I were having a fine time.

In the forenoon we had a good time firing off fire-crackers. At noon we went down to Uncle Charley's and had dinner. We had potatoes and bananas and ice-cream and cake (six kinds), and—well, almost everything.

In the afternoon there was more firing, and also a lunch, but at night was the best time.

Then we had almost every kind of night fireworks—sky-rockets and mines and Roman candles and colored lights and bombs and pin-wheels, and all sorts of such things.

Then we fired off the rest of our fire-crackers in one big explosion.

After this we all went to bed, everybody very much satisfied but mama, who stopped her ears with cotton, and the dog, who went under the bed because of the noise.



"MY ANIMAL FRIEND." BY CHARLES N. CRUT-
TENDEN, AGE 16. (GOLD BADGE.)

FOR ARBOR-DAY CELEBRATION.

BY FLOY DE GROVE BAKER (AGE 8).

(Winner of Gold Badge in 1900.)

O PEACH- and cherry-blossoms gay,
Awake! for it is Arbor Day.
Unfold your tiny buds, I say.
The sky is no more dark and gray,
But it is bright and clear and blue,
And you must grow the whole day through;
So unfold, oh, pretty blossoms, do,
And meet the coming May.

WHAT I SOUGHT ON ONE JULY DAY.

BY LUCIUS A. BIGELOW, JR. (AGE 9).

(Winner of gold and silver badges.)

IN springtime we see thousands of dandelions growing in the fields, but even in July they are to be found among the more brilliant flowers, and I always look for them. Because they are the first friends, they should never be forsaken. Here is a little dandelion-bud growing in the grass. We will watch and see what happens. Presently we will find it open with as many petals as we could count on our fingers over and over. They make the blossom as we see it; but the germ of life is beneath and carefully protected by these gay sisters who love the sun and breeze.

At night the petals close for rest and sleep. The dandelion dies, but it is going to live again. Once more it opens wide and shows a beautiful ball of seeds, fluffy and fragile. The wind takes them away through space. That journey is a grand experience, and must make the dandelion feel very free and hopeful. Soon a chosen seed is cuddled in the earth, and when spring comes again, the great thing happens—it wakens into a wonderful blossom of yellow cheerfulness just at the time we need it most.

WHEN SCHOOL IS DONE.

BY ALBERTA P. LIVERNASH (AGE 9).

WHEN school is done
Comes all the fun;
We take up all our books,
And we're merry and gay
Through the livelong day,
In our cozy little nooks.



TEEDLES. THE FIRST CAT OUT FROM DAWSON.



BY J. ERNEST BECHDOLT.

"TEEDLES," whose picture accompanies this sketch, though only a little over four months old, enjoys the distinction of having made one of the longest and hardest journeys known.

Teedles was born in Dawson City, Northwest Territories, in the famous Klondike region, and was there during the mad-dog scare, when so many dogs went mad from the intense cold.

When Teedles's mistress decided to leave Dawson for civilization, Teedles decided to come too. The journey was made by stage up the Yukon, by railroad over White Pass, then by steamer to Seattle.



"TEEDLES."
BY J. ERNEST BECHDOLT.

to sleep, and remain so for the whole day.

When the road-house was reached at night, however, Teedles made up for lost time. The sleeping-room in a road-house is one large room, each bed being partitioned off by curtains. Teedles would spend the whole night in scurrying back and forth, sampling each bed, and behaving generally as if he had lost his senses.

The whole trip, by stage, railroad, and boat, was one grand ovation for Teedles. He was a general favorite all the way from Dawson to Seattle.

On arriving at Seattle, he immediately proceeded to a photograph-gallery, where the picture from which the accompanying sketch was drawn was taken.

It was the good fortune of the author to obtain one of these pictures, and thinking Teedles and his history might interest the readers of ST. NICHOLAS, sends it to them.



"PLYMOUTH ROCK."
BY DOROTHY HERBY, AGE 13.

SANDY.

BY ELEANOR WHIDDEN (AGE 15).

Illustrated by the Author.

To us he is a most important personage, our "Sandy," but to one not having the honor of his acquaintance he might appear to be simply an ordinary Scotch terrier. His enemies might even call him a mongrel. At all events, his pedigree is uncertain.



"SANDY."

When we first made his acquaintance he was not prepossessing, to say the least, being about six weeks old, very unhappy, and looking as if water were an unknown luxury in the vicinity of his former residence. In time, however, after repeated washings, his real color appeared, and his looks decidedly improved.

It was an easy matter to teach him tricks, for he was very bright, and

soon learned to beg, be "dead dog," "speak," snap for a cracker placed on his nose, and push a doll-carriage with a kitten in it.

Even the best of us have our faults, and Sandy has his. He has a decided dislike for being alone, and whenever he is shut out of doors or in the cellar, he howls the most unearthly howl ever heard by mortal man. It begins with some low growls, gradually increasing in force, and rising to a long, dismal moan, which is changed to a series of barks, rising higher and higher till he reaches the limit of his vocal powers, when he begins at the beginning again. He knows that no one can stand it long, and he also knows that he is likely to be disciplined for his performance; so the minute any one appears he rolls over on his back and holds all his paws in the air, or else is apparently absorbed in the landscape.

One Christmas some friends of my father gave Sandy a Christmas-tree all for himself. It was a small one in a flower-pot, and was brought to the house on Christmas eve. On it were a military coat, or blanket, with army buttons in front, and a pocket with a watch and handkerchief in it, also a Rough Rider's hat, a sword, and a bugle. Sandy is very proud of his uniform, and is always ready to be dressed up.

Yes, we are all very fond of him, and, in spite of his faults, he is one of the best little dogs in the world. He may not be a "thing of beauty," but we all agree that he is a "joy forever"!

NOTICE.

League members who have lost their badges or leaflets may obtain new ones on application.



"GANYMEDE AND ALIENA WHEN
SPRING COMES." BY LAURA ASTOR
CHANLER, AGE 13. (ROME.)



BY EDMOND W. PALMER (AGE 15).

(Cash Prize.)

THE War of 1812 had just been concluded, and the settlers on our Western frontier were still fearful lest the Indians should again become restless and attack their dwellings.

Only a short time before the Indians had attacked the frontier village of Sandersville; but the settlers, after a hard struggle, had beaten them off. The Brown family, who lived about two miles from Sandersville, and had no near neighbors, were naturally in fear of a fresh outbreak. When July came, however, and all was quiet, their fears began to subside.

The hot July sun beat down unmercifully on the heads of Mr. Brown and his two sons as they worked in the small clearing in front of their rude log cabin. Inside Mrs. Brown and her little daughter Amelia were scarcely less comfortable, and all were glad when evening at last came and they walked to the woods to enjoy the cool air beneath the trees.

Amelia, of course, went with them, and while the others sat beneath the trees, she wandered off through the wood, until, at last, when it was quite dark, she arrived at the edge of the wood and was but a mile from Sandersville. She was a small girl but seven years old, and had heard, of course, the many tales of how the Indians burned villages and massacred the people. All these tales had been traveling through her mind as she walked through the woods. Now, on looking toward Sandersville, she saw a red glare in the sky. She thought little of this, however, until, on the clear night air, she heard the crack of a pistol.

"The Indians!" she thought. "The Indians have attacked Sandersville." For a moment she stood still, unable to move; then she turned and sped through the woods in the direction of home. She stumbled and tripped continually in her haste. Never had the distance seemed so long before. At last, however, she reached the place where her father and mother sat.

"Oh, father," she panted, "the Indians have attacked Sandersville! I heard shots and saw the fire."

While she was thus speaking an alarmed expression crept over her father's face, which, however, changed to a smile as she finished.

"Tut, tut, child!" he exclaimed; "'tis the Fourth of July. They are celebrating the day in Sandersville."

Competitions close now on the 15th, except for foreign members. This change is because of the increased quantity of contributions received and the additional time required to examine them.

THE HISTORY OF WAP.

BY ALVA W. FRASER (AGE 12).

WAP is a brown-spotted, cottontail rabbit. He was caught near Cumberland, Wisconsin, last August, by some boys, and given to me the same day. He was very small, gray in color, with the exception of his paws, which were tan, had two little points sticking up where his ears should be, and no tail at all. I don't think he could have been over two weeks old, and he looked more like a rat than a bunny.

I first tried to feed him on bread and milk, but he would not touch it; then I put some grass and clover in a basket for a bed for him, and that afternoon, when mama and I were sewing, he ate a little of the clover.

The next day I took him out in the hall to show him to a little boy, and he got away from me, and fell over the stairway to the hall below. When I picked him up he stiffened out, and at first I thought him dead. I wrapped him up in cotton, and put him in a dark corner;



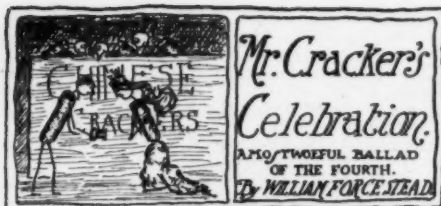
and that evening, when I went to see how he was, I found him hopping about the room, and he had eaten all his clover. He played and hopped around the room all night, but in the daytime went to a dark corner and slept.

Wap's appetite improved very much after the first day, and he ate a great deal of clover and lettuce. He likes to eat sitting up on his hind legs; and when he was very young he could not keep his balance, so he used to prop himself against the wall so he would n't fall backward.

When we returned to town I brought him with me. At first he was very much frightened at the strange noises, but now he has grown accustomed to them, and has become quite tame. He still sleeps during the day, and comes out in the evening to feed and frolic around like a little kitten. He is very fond of soda-crackers, and will sit up with his fore paws crossed, and beg like a little dog. When I go to see him in the morning, he will sit up and beg, and if I don't give him a cracker he will come up closer and sit up again, and keep in that position till I feed him. He then puts his little paws in my hand, and sits there till he finishes the cracker. In the evening, after he has fed, he sits up and washes his face with his paws, like a cat, except that he uses both his paws at once. After he has cleaned himself he sprawls out on the floor



"MY ANIMAL FRIEND." BY MARIAN AVERY, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)



"Oh lovely Miss Cracker," a cracker once said
 "I love you so much that I would we could wed!"
 "Oh dear Mr. Cracker," she blushing replied,
 "I would please me full well to be chosen your bride!"

The day that they chose was the fifth of July
 When roses are blushing and bright is the sky,
 So when the fourth came they were bursting with glee
 And together walked forth the gay sights far to see.
 But alas for Miss Cracker, and alas for her love—
 Her pigtail caught fire and sent her above.
 Her lover soon followed, but that's not the worst—
 Instead of with glee 'twas with powder they burst!
 And yet we must hope in the skies far above
 Miss Cracker'll soon wed with her high-flying young love.

ILLUSTRATED POEM. BY W. F. STEAD, AGE 16.

with his hind legs stretched out and his head lying on his fore paws, like a dog.

I have become very much attached to him, and I hope that he will live, though I am told that it is very hard to raise a wild rabbit.

THE GREAT GALVESTON STORM.

(A fine account by a little girl who was an eye-witness.)

ON September 8, 1900, at Galveston, Texas, occurred one of the most destructive storms in the world's history. The storm did not come without a warning, but the danger was not realized. Friday night, people went to see the grand sight which the raging sea presented. Saturday morning it had grown in fury, and the waters of the Gulf pushed inland. The morning of the storm there were high north winds, and about eight o'clock it began to rain heavily. Still men went to their business and about their work, not dreaming of danger. As the hours went on the water grew higher and higher, the wind changed from the north to the northeast, and the water came in from the bay, filling the streets. After noon the wind increased and the water grew deeper and deeper, till about three o'clock it covered the whole city. Then people began to realize that it was something unusual, and those who lived in cottages began to desert their homes and go to two-story houses as the water began to rise higher and higher. As night came on, the storm grew worse and worse, and by eight o'clock it was raging. Houses came floating by, and uprooted trees and telegraph poles, and pieces of slate came flying through the air, killing many people. Babies cried, and people's faces were white with fright; every minute they thought would be their last. Horses and cows were swimming to save their lives, only to go down in the water and be drowned. Men, women, and children and whole families had to

cling to floating roofs and rafts all night, and then be found far away from Galveston. The houses rocked like ships at sea, and the people all clung together; but above all the noise you could hear the roaring of the wind and the dash of the sea. Toward midnight the wind died away and the water fell, and about one o'clock the storm was over. The next morning the sun rose brightly on a terrible sight. There were bodies of people and animals everywhere, and wreckage piled so high that only the tops of the houses left could be seen. The history of the storm can never be told; it was too terrible! And only the kindness and sympathy of the world could make us see the good of it.

DOROTHY RUSSELL (AGE 8) OF 3425 BROADWAY,
 GALVESTON, TEXAS.

LEAGUE NOTES AND LETTERS.

Now is the season for League members to take up nature study in the woods and fields. Those who go to the shore or mountains will find much that will recall our League motto, and the editor of the Nature and Science department is always glad to receive their letters and inquiries about the many discoveries made by sharp eyes.

We are always glad of suggestions, even though they are not always practicable. Selma Tehault says:

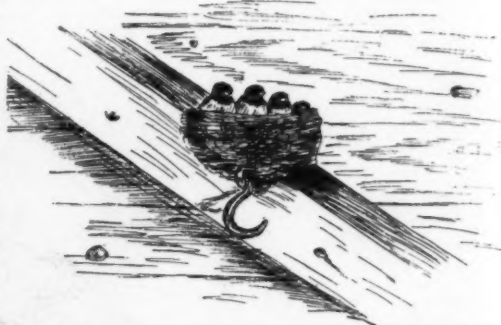
May I suggest a way for you to spend the long summer days? Don't you think it would be nice for us to write long, exciting stories?

Our young friend's suggestion would be a very good one, only there would be no possible way of using the stories in the League pages, which are as full now as they can possibly be, and could be filled twice over with good things. Still, there is no objection to writing the stories, and reading them at chapter meetings. It would be excellent practice.

By some error in proof-reading, the drawing credited to Mary Helen Stile in May League should have been credited to Mary Helen Stevens. Little errors will creep into even the best regulated Leagues.

269 Field Ave.,
 DETROIT, MICH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I read Alice Mendelson's generous offer to send post-cards to any League members in April ST. NICHOLAS, and would be delighted to have some. But as Miss Mendelson neglected to put her address I could not write to her, so I hope you will publish this letter in order that she may know my address. I hope a good long letter will come with the cards as well as the

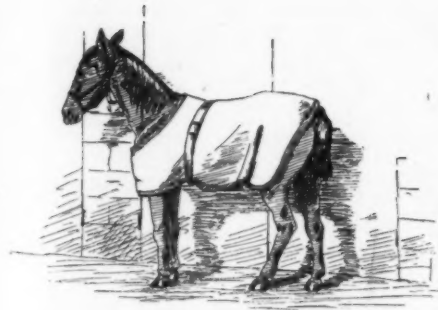


"BARN SWALLOWS." FROM LIFE. BY ROMAINE HOIT, AGE 16.

writer's address. I will send a money order to pay for the cards and postage. I would be delighted to send cards from Detroit to any League members who desire them. I have written to ST. NICHOLAS several times before this, but my letters have never been published. Please publish this one if only to gratify

Your loving reader,
 PAULA L. HENZE.

League members have asked for Miss Mendelson's address. We hope she will oblige by sending it in full.



"MY ANIMAL FRIEND." BY YVONNE JEGUIER, AGE 16.

How many English or American girls can write Dutch as well as this Dutch girl writes English?

2ND CONSTANTIJN HUYGENSSTRAAT 40,
AMSTERDAM.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a Dutch girl. I am already seventeen, but I fear I write English with more difficulty and make more faults than your girls of nine. I am very much interested in your St. Nicholas League and should like to become member of it. I have got you one year and the half and I like you immensely. I am very sorry that I don't know more of your language than I do, for I cannot possibly guess your riddles, and what you tell about beasts and plants, is very hard to understand, but there the pictures help me on a great deal.

Good-bye, dear ST. NICHOLAS. I hope you will make me member of your League, and that I may do the drawing competitions. I am very fond of drawing.

Good-bye. I remain yours faithfully

LEONTINE VALETON.

DINARD, FRANCE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am sending you some verses which I made up about you. They quite express my feelings toward you; for, to my mind, you're the best magazine going, the League being the chief attraction.

I am an American girl living abroad, and I've passed my fourteenth birthday.

HURRAH FOR ST. NICHOLAS!

ST. NICHOLAS is lovely,

ST. NICHOLAS is fine!

It is so very, very nice,

I'm proud to call it mine.

Its stories are quite beautiful;

Its poems just as good;

All children like it very much,

As I should think they would.

Forever live ST. NICHOLAS,

The finest magazine!

And may it ever be so nice

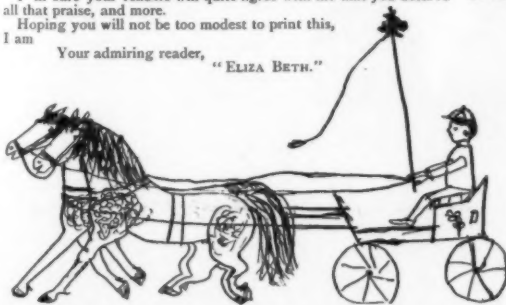
As it has always been.

I'm sure your readers will quite agree with me that you deserve all that praise, and more.

Hoping you will not be too modest to print this,

I am

Your admiring reader, "ELIZA BETH."



"ANIMAL FRIENDS." BY GILBERT L. MERRITT, AGE 7.

Marguerite Batsford complains that she sees so many good things published in the League that she has been afraid to try. "But it was silly of me," she says, "and if you will put me down as a member I will truly try to do something." That is the way we like to hear ST. NICHOLAS readers talk. No one knows what can be done until there has been a good, hard, persevering effort. In fact, the best things seldom come in any other way. The little poem inclosed with Marguerite's letter is very promising.

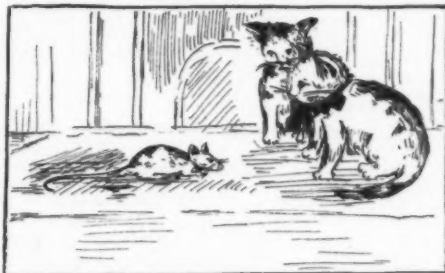
A VISIT TO JAPAN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: On the 1st of September I took a very large steamer and went to Japan, an island east of Asia. We landed there all safe, but the place looked so curious to us. The girls and boys have yellow skin, round faces, bright black eyes, and pearly teeth, and they have very red cheeks.

You can hardly tell the boys from the girls, for they dress nearly alike. If you look closely you will see that the boys' heads are shaved almost bare, while the girls' are twisted in nearly all sorts of shapes. They have very large sleeves that are used as pockets, and contain dolls, tops, small kites, and many other things. They have wooden shoes tied on with string; these shoes are not worn in the house, but are slipped off at the door.

The fathers and mothers of Japan do a great deal to make the children happy. You should be there on the day that is set apart for the "feasts of the dolls."

Each girl has a set of dolls. Perhaps her mother used some of them years ago, but they are very pretty. Some of them look like the nobles and ladies of high rank. Each doll has a full outfit for house-keeping. They have tiny wooden pillows, soft mats, and tea-sets. Then, there is a "play-day" for the boys. On this day each boy plays with a set of dolls dressed like soldiers. Here are armies of dolls, with flags, guns, swords, cannon, and pretty uniforms. At this time the boys hear many stories about the great warriors of their land. The streets are lined with shops, where toys are sold.



"OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS." BY EDITH E. PETERS, AGE 17.

Then you see a man on the street corner shaping animals out of rice paste. The boys and girls crowd around and call out the names as soon as they guess what he is making. They know the monkey, pig, bear, and many other animals that are found in Japan, but they do not know the sheep. The girls when they wish to play have to carry the babies on their backs. I then went to see one of the houses. It was made of bamboo, and had very large eaves. They have paper windows, paper doors, paper fans, lanterns, hats, cups, cloaks, napkins, and many other things. They have a very queer bed; they have to crawl under a wadded quilt, and rest their heads on a wadded pillow. There are no chairs in this house; they sit on mats of wadded cloth or of straw. We stopped a few days to look at the workshops. We now were ready to start; we got on another very large steamer, and went home again. We all arrived safely, and were glad to get back again.

Your fondest reader,
EMMIE HARTUNG.

Other appreciative and entertaining letters have been received from Rachel Freeman, Marjorie Franklin, Yvonne Jegquier, Elsa Halstad, Frank D. Hague, Gwendolen Gray Perry, Margaret D. Gardner, Gladys Greene, Matilda Riddell, Lilian May Dunbar, William Hazlett Upson, Genevieve Taylor, Dorothy E. Haynes, Warren Chandler Eccles, Hilda H. Hiss, Olive Strong Wilson, Grace Abbott, John Orme, Margery Burnhans, Alan M. Osgood, Carmen Burt, Julia W. Williamson, Clara Stutz, Alberts Cowgill, Minnie Sweet, Zachary Belcher, Nina Starkweather, Marguerite Wilmer, Bessie Clancey, Katherine Bastedo, Vernal Revalk, Lula May Herman, Mary E. Archer, Gertrude Schirmer, Fred Stearnes, Ruth Stanwood, Beth Howard, Clementine A. Bieler, Janet and Marie Flanner, Margaret Lautz Daniell, Margaret Chamberlain, Edwin Bennit, Eldridge W. Jamieson, Elenore Clune, Renny Catton, and Helen K. Abbott.

ROLL OF HONOR.

A LIST of those whose work, though not used, has been found well worthy of honorable mention.

VERSE.

Marguerite M. Hillery
Emma L. Hawkridge
Helen Van Dyck
M. Letitia Stockett
Mabel B. Clark
Katherine T. Halsey
Wilnot S. Close
Mabel B. Ellis
Walter S. Underwood
Margery K. Johnson
Madeleine Fuller McDowell
Alice Winifred Hinds
Edith Guggenheime
Mary E. Othout
Ruth Carlin
Fradelia Rice
Elizabeth Camp
Helen Jelliffe
Marguerite B. Davies
Birdie Bruns
Dorothea Posegate

PROSE.

Katherine M. Schmucker
Mattie Camp
Charles Goldsmith
Bessie Greene
Marguerite Hope Ford
Emily Storer
Frances Van Boskirk
Henry Morgan Brooks
Alice S. Cole
Hilda Millet
Marguerite Beatrice Child
Marguerite Keeler
Marion Pond
Grace Jenkins
Mary Lakenan
William Mitchell
Lily Kinnear
Mary Grace King
Hadjie Dawson
Helen L. White
Clementine G. Hulbert
J. Herbert Gaisley
E. C. Putnam
Marian E. Ingalls
Hazel Hyman
Robert B. Alling
Mary Eleanor Glenn
Carrie Newhall
Edna Seligman

John Nevin Pomeroy
Barbara Pandora Benjamin
Gertrude L. Gimbel
Bessie N. Ballagh
Alice M. Perkins
Carolyn Hooker
Grace Tetlow
Mary Elizabeth Gunnell
Mary Louise Logan
Anna Gylkyson
Marion Goodwin Eaton
Frances Renée Despard
Mildred Andrus
Louise McCutcheon
Rose C. Goode
Genevieve Taylor
Mary Shier
Kate Colquhoun
Florence E. Kelley
Bessie S. Dean
Walter Haller
Nellie Wing
Harlow F. Pease
Walter Stahr
Peter Nissem
Eva Wilson
Janet Ritchie
Sam D. Hooper
Warren W. Clark
Clark Pryor
Corene Bryant
Hilda B. Morris
Elizabeth Chapin
Alice Mae Gray
Emma Bugbee
Bessie Ballard
Isabel Ormiston
Denison H. Cliff
Irwin G. Priest
Dorothy Herry
Selma Matson

DRAWINGS.

Dorothy Lyman Warren
Edward H. Croll
Paul K. Mays
Pauline Vanderburgh
Mabel Miller Johns
Charlotte Peabody Dodge
Tina Gray
James Dike
Raydia Squires
Ethel Osgood
Harry L. Howard

Martha Washburn
Addie May Newhall
I. A. Nees
Carol Bradley
Dorothy Squires
Bessie Barnes
Howard Boden
Rachel A. Russell
E. C. Butler
Clara Ely
Eloise Gerry
Ethel McFarland
Douglass Ferry
Theodora Kimball
Sarah C. McDaritt
Bruce Kennedy
Louise F. Davidson
Philip Little
Edwin H. Weaver
Elsa M. Hatlestad
Kirtley B. Lewis
Mamie H. Wadman
Ruth Osgood
Edith Daggett
Nellie Sellers
Edith A. Roberts
Chesley K. Bonestell
Clara May Drake
Earle D. Mason
Mary Day Winn
Alida Fitzhugh Wright
Madeleine Edison
Muriel Murray
Fred D. Patterson
Harriette J. Chapman
Alan Osgood
Thomas C. Cole
Helena L. Camp
Charlotte V. Simonds
Gertrude Fisher
Addison F. Worthington
Warren H. Butler
Elizabeth L. Alling
Harry Denmeier
Charlotte Pennington
Julia Auer
Elizabeth Plummer
Irene Mitchell
George Benjamin Shepherd
Mildred Gautier Rice
Ben Shove
William C. Engle
Paul W. Haasis
Sarah E. Stevens
Roger K. Lane
Elizabeth Schlosser
Genevieve Bosson
Ella Munsterburg
Violet Packenham
Mabel C. Chapin

Elizabeth Otis
Stephanie Marx
S. Whitney Hale
Elizabeth Barrow
Mary H. Stevens
David B. Van Dyck
Beatrice Levi
Florence Auer
Gus Ausar
Elizabeth W. Gregory
C. B. Grossman
Alice Howland
James McKell
J. Spencer Lucas
Harvey Robinson
C. W. Warren

PHOTOGRAPHS.

Ethel Ruth Anderson
William A. Keys, Jr.
George N. Shaeffer
Eleanor Hollis Murdock
Duntun Hamlin
Edward E. Denniston
W. P. Browne
Edward T. George
Nina Starkweather
Stanley Randall
E. Townsend, Jr.
Chester S. Wilson
Samuel M. Janney
Doris Franklyn
Charles E. Mason
R. I. Riggs
Alida Smith Pear
Arthur Barrett
Alfred R. Lowney
Julia H. Falkner
Horace K. Hutchens
Olga Doughty
Ralph Feuerborn
Ellen Dunwoody
Rebecca W. Hussey
Louise L. Kobbe
Albert A. Miller
Chester N. Crosby
Roger Sherman
Anna H. Moore
Edward B. Fox
Howard S. Wheeler
Frances Browne
Wendell R. Morgan
Mary Higginbottom
Edith Hughes
Belden R. Rau
Lee W. McHenry
Alexander Macomb
Frederick S. Brandenburg
H. Johnson

PUZZLES.

Charlotte Farrington Babcock
Roger E. Chase, Jr.
Harold Stephens
Charles C. Atherton
Raymond S. Harriman
Dorothy C. Brinsmade
Warren Ordway
Marie H. Whitman
Shipley W. Ricker, Jr.
Allen McGill
Elford Eddy
Agnes C. Langdon
Harriet Marston
Raymond S. Curtice
Lila M. O'Neale
Fannie Eugenie Saville
Josephine H. Howes
Harry E. B. Weiner
Charlotte Stark
Oliver M. Saylor
Joe Beem
B. D. W. Bleecker
Zane Pyle
Reg. Cain-Bartels
Norman F. Kimball
Helene Boas
Marguerite Hallowell
Vashti Kaye
Katharine M. Clement
Alice M. Crane

CHAPTERS.

RACHEL RHOADES of Chapter 28 asks how often chapters should change officers, and if a chapter may try for a prize as a chapter. To the first question we would say that officers should be changed not oftener than once in three months. To the second, no; individuals only may win prizes.

No. 136 reports a change of officers, and that in future they will change once in six months.

No. 150 calls for three more badges.

No. 156 also reports a change, and that their chapter is a success.

No. 169 calls for new leaflets and badges.

Margaret Frances, Chapter 171, has resigned the secretaryship and is going to Europe for two years.

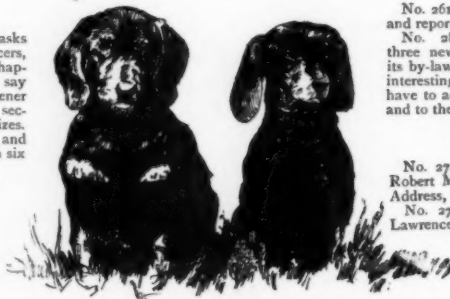
Dorothy Worthington, 165 Rawling Ave., Troy, N. Y., takes her place.

The president of 18e has been to Cuba, and had many interesting things to tell the members on her return. She saw the "Maine," Morro Castle, and much besides.

No. 189 reports a new member. Also 212, now called the "Famous Four."

No. 234 calls for five new badges, and No. 240 for three, with the report of good progress.

No. 246 has two new members, and reports that they look from one magazine day to the next with a "great deal of pleasure."



"MY ANIMAL FRIENDS." BY C. ALFRED KLINKER, AGE 15.
(WINNER OF GOLD BADGE IN JANUARY.)

No. 261 calls for a dozen new buttons, and reports rapid increase.

No. 281, recently organized, reports three new members, and sends a copy of its by-laws, which are both excellent and interesting. Sec. 7: "The club does not have to accept any resignations" is lucid and to the point.

NEW CHAPTERS.

No. 272. Tom McCall, President; Robert Mathis, Secretary; five members. Address, 30 Madison Park, Chicago, Ill.

No. 273. Robert Riggs, President; Lawrence Riggs, Secretary; three members. Address, 1 Second St., Oahe, S. D.

No. 274. "Royal Legion Chapter." Elizabeth Webster, President; Mary Oughton, Secretary; four members. Address, 3410 Jefferson Ave., Chicago, Ill.

No. 275. "I. O. K. A. S." Robert Mathis, Secretary; five members. Address, 3323 N. 17th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

No. 276. "Five of Clubs." Frances Dawson, President; Dorothea Posegate, Secretary; five members. Address, 44184 Greer Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

No. 277. Robert Weitbrecht, President; James Beals, Secretary; seven members. Address, 655 Portland Ave., St. Paul, Minn.

- No. 276. "The Sequoia Club." Carrie Barr, President; J. Allen, Secretary; eight members. Address, Sanger, Cal.
- No. 279. Ernest Gloor, President; John Aggar, Secretary, four members. Address, 116 W. Locust St., Scranton, Pa.
- No. 280. "Friend." Mabel Jones, President; Adelia Bender, Secretary; five members. Address, Spencer, Ia.
- No. 281. John Dempsey, President; Helen Sperry, Secretary; five members. Address, 855 Case Ave., Cleveland, O.
- No. 282. "Quadruple Club." William Brown, President; Katharine Brown, Secretary; four members. Address, 86 Pelham Road, New Rochelle, N. Y.
- No. 283. Dorothy Rich, President; five members. Address, 1015 4th St., Red Wing, Minn.
- No. 284. "Stamp Chapter." Clara Davis, President; Daisy Dutton, Secretary; four members. Address, El Paso, Tex.
- No. 285. Leo McGuire, President; Eugene Seymour, Secretary; five members. Address, 208 W. 13th St., Kansas City, Mo.
- No. 286. Katharine Norcross, President; Mary Buchan, Secretary; five members. Address, Wellesley Hills, Mass.
- No. 287. Gertrude Pennington, Secretary; five members. Address, 142 Gay St., Phenixville, Pa.
- No. 288. "Our Boys' De Light." W. H. White, President; Earle Putnam, Jr., Secretary; six members. Address, 1926 Spruce St., Philadelphia, Pa.
- No. 289. "Little Women." Mabel Spencer, President; Marjorie Connor, Secretary; nine members. Address, 1116 W. 9th St., Des Moines, Ia.
- No. 290. Carolyn Carter, Secretary; four members. Address, 2030 De Lancey Pl., Philadelphia, Pa.
- No. 291. "Hiawatha Club." Mabel Jones, President; Katharine Varick, Secretary; nine members. Address, Park Hill, Yonkers, N. Y.
- No. 292. George Widdel, President; William Coffee, Secretary; six members. Address, 524 W. 161st St., New York City.
- No. 293. Paul Szermer, President; William Kroenke, Secretary; ten members. Address, 453 E. 83d St., New York City.
- No. 294. C. Wood, President; E. S. Patch, Secretary; five members. Address, Box 523, Wilmerding, Pa.
- No. 295. "Black Cats." Louise Zimmerman, President; Marjorie Hagedorn, Secretary; three members. Address, 320 Summer St., Buffalo, N. Y.
- No. 296. Lowell Barcus, President; Ernest Wilkins, Secretary; eight members. Address, 323 Broadway, Logansport, Ia.
- No. 297. Lulu Vandusen, President; Opal Babcock, Secretary; twelve members. Address, Morenci, Mich.
- No. 298. Charles Goldsmith, President; seven members. Address, 889 Park Ave., New York City.
- No. 299. Ruth Douglas, President; Marion Baldwin, Secretary; four members. Address, Westfield, N. Y. Meets every Friday. Programme: puzzles, poem, reading, drawing, etc.
- No. 300. Otho Gaither, President; ten members. Address, 1702 13th St., East Oakland, Cal. Unanimous wish, the prosperity of the League.
- No. 301. "King Philip." Mary Buffington, Secretary; seven members. Address, 175 High St., Taunton, Mass.
- No. 302. "Jolly Eight." George Chandler, President; Edmund Brunner, Secretary; eight members. Address, 108 W. Broad St., Bethlehem, Pa. Would like to choose its own subjects in the contests. Motto: "A rolling stone gathers no moss." Cheer: "Rixero, rixerate, three cheers for the Jolly Eight!"
- No. 303. "Young St. Nicholas." Allan Keizenstein, President; ten members. Address, 1240 Madison Ave., New York City.
- No. 304. Henrietta Barwick, President; Lydia Howell, Secretary; five members. Address, 58a Mott Ave., New York City.
- No. 305. Amy Seitz, President; Lillie Spurling, Secretary; seven members. Address, 439 E. 92d St., New York City.
- No. 306. "Milton Chapter." Percival White, President; Sidney Kimball, Secretary; eight members. Address, Brackett St., East Milton, Mass. Meets every Friday and exhibits contributions prepared for the next competition.

ADVERTISING COMPETITION No. 6.

A report of this competition with a list of prize-winners will be found on advertising page 9.

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 22.

THE St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle-answers.

A SPECIAL CASH PRIZE. To any League member who has won a gold badge for any of the above-named achievements, and shall again win first place, a cash prize of five dollars will be awarded, instead of another gold badge.

Competition No. 22 will close July 15 (for foreign members July 20). The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for October.

VERSE. To contain not more than twenty-four lines, and may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings or photographs by the author. Subject to contain the word "life."

PROSE. Story, article, or play of not more than four

hundred words. It may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings by the author, and must relate in some manner to self-denial or sacrifice.

PHOTOGRAPH. Any size, mounted or unmounted, but no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "Summer Sport."

DRAWING. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color). Subject, "A Study from Nature." May be landscape or interior, with or without figures.

PUZZLE. Any sort, the answer to contain some word or words relating to autumn fruits.

PUZZLE-ANSWERS. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS.

WILD-ANIMAL OR BIRD PHOTOGRAPH. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird, taken in its natural home: *First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge.

RULES FOR ALL COMPETITIONS.

EVERY contribution of whatever kind must bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added.

These things must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on one side of the paper only. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only.

Members are not obliged to contribute every month.

Address all communications:

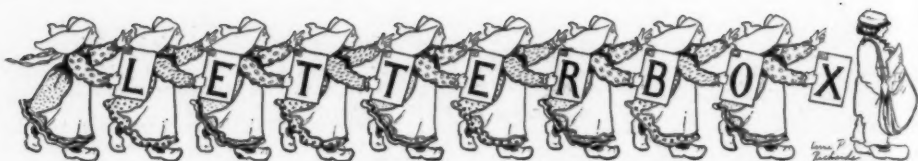
THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE,
Union Square,
New York City.



"ANIMAL FRIENDS." BY MARGARET DOBSON, AGE 12.



"JUST FRIENDS." BY FOTTER LUCAS, AGE 7.



CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that between the 1st of June and the 15th of September manuscripts cannot conveniently be examined at the office of ST. NICHOLAS. Consequently those who desire to favor the magazine with contributions will please postpone sending their manuscripts until after the last-named date.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

KING ALFRED THE GREAT died one thousand years ago, and England commemorates the event by a celebration this year. The king's boyhood is told in the serial "A Boy of a Thousand Years Ago," which begins in this number.

Though styled a "historical romance," our readers should know that the author has tried to tell the story in strict keeping with the facts of Alfred's life as accepted by the best historians. As to some of the events there is much doubt, and it is not possible to be sure of all the facts.

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I read the other day in a newspaper that American automobiles would have to be made narrower if they are to become popular in Holland. Otherwise if two of them should happen to meet they could not pass each other in the narrow Dutch roads!

There are other queer things about the Dutch law as to the "motor-vehicles," but the narrowness of the roads is what interested me.

Your friend,

BENJAMIN WEBSTER.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Perhaps you would like to hear from two little invalids who are staying at a sanatorium here. We both have curvature of the spine, but our treatment is different. Otway Stapler, who is almost eleven, lies down on a wheeled cart all the time and turns the wheels with his feet. I am suspended by my neck and arms in my apparatus. We spend the greater part of our time reading or writing. I read aloud to Otway a great deal, and the ST. NICHOLAS is not the least of our pleasures. The League is so nice, and I am trying to send in some contribution each month. I have n't had anything published so far, but my name is on the roll of honor quite a bit. Is n't that lovely?

In the Letter-box I read about another little invalid some time ago. I wish she could know how very much I enjoyed her letter.

I am sixteen and Otway is eleven, but we never feel any difference in our ages, and always feel lonesome when for some reason or other we are separated.

Is this letter getting too long? I would just love to write a few lines more about our paper. Three other girls besides us two belong to it. It is called "The Literary Quintette," and each week we take turns in writing up the different departments. We have current events, locals, original poem, continued story, short story, a well-known poem, jokes, and drama. It is great fun, only we have no type-writer or printing-press, and so I have to make two copies of the whole paper every week, and I nearly break my arm off with so much writing.

I wonder if this letter is too long or not good enough

to be printed. May you always enjoy prosperity, the League especially.

Ever your friend, MARIE ORTMAYER.

EAST BOSTON, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Several months ago I read in your magazine the little item asking about the Cromwell monument in Manchester, England. I happened to have an intimate friend in that city, and she wrote me, in answer to my questions, several things about the statue, which I thought might interest some of the readers of the Letter-box.

The monument stands right in the heart of the city, very near the Manchester Cathedral and the Oxford Road station. The pedestal is formed of blocks of granite, arranged like steps, and on it is a rough rock, upon which stands Cromwell's statue. He is represented as thirty years old or so, dressed in the costume of his times, with very large boots above his knees and turning over. His hair is long, and he is leaning upon the handle of his sword, in an excellent pose. On the rock is carved, "Oliver Cromwell, 1599-1659" (the dates of his birth and death). Below are the words "A gift from H. S. H. to the city of Manchester." The giver's whole name is Harriett Salisbury Haywood, and the statue was put up in 1875.

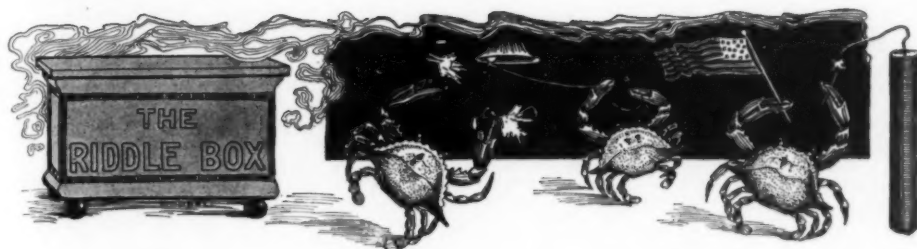
It seems that in London they will not have a statue to Cromwell, but Manchester has always been a center of radicalism. I hope this information will be satisfactory.

I do enjoy your magazine so very much. I've taken it for five years, and my aunt took "Young Folks" and then ST. NICHOLAS for years and years, also. I admire "Barnaby Lee" very much indeed, as I did "Master Skylark." The descriptions are so graphic that one can see plainly in one's mind how everything must have looked in those times, and to my mind a vivid setting to a tale brings out the story even more interestingly, as a fine background brings out a picture more clearly.

I am, too, very much interested in the St. Nicholas League, especially in the drawing, as I am very fond of art of any kind, and hope to be an artist when I am grown up, though as yet I am but fifteen years old.

Very sincerely, EDITH FORBES KNOWLES.

We have received pleasant letters also from: Eleanor Cushing, Mildred Kite, Dorothy Enger, Harriet Hitchcock, Fitz John Porter, Carlos Juanos, Francis Webster, Bessie Tillson, Hester Beaumont, Ethel R. Hodgson, Olive S., Ruth Washburn, Joseph L. Ernst, Catharine B. Sanford, Florence Van Valkenburg, Marion Van Valkenburg, Madeline Provost, Margaret Faison, Gertrude Vandegrift, Lilian Reinking, Josephine Le Master, Clara G. Cronk, Eno Hamma, Margery and Ruth, Ralph Blackledge, Evelyn G. Smith, Constance G. Jackson, Anna Dearth Vogt, H. S. Pedley, Nicolas Lobanoff-Kostowsky, Tula Latze, Caroline D. Simpson, Esther Jackson, Dorothy Josselyn, Margery Jenks, Harold Gerber, Helen McNair, David Joslyn.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER.

PRIMAL AND DIAGONAL ACROSTIC. Primals, Vacation; diagonals, Victoria. Cross-words: 1. Vagabond. 2. Airtight. 3. Ciccone. 4. Abattoir. 5. Tadpoles. 6. Iceberg. 7. Oratorio. 8. Nebraska.

A DIAGONAL ACROSTIC. Diagonal, Virginia. Cross-words: 1. Van Buren. 2. Richmond. 3. Yorktown. 4. Congress. 5. Harrison. 6. Mt. Vernon. 7. Atlantic. 8. Columbia.

CURTAILINGS. Newton. 1. Learn. 2. Gripe. 3. Low. 4. Piquet. 5. Todo. 6. Brown.

ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Palo Alto. 1. Pears. 2. Apples. 3. Lettuce. 4. Onions. 5. Apricots. 6. Lemons. 7. Tomatoes. 8. Oranges.

CENTRAL SYNCOPATIONS AND REMAINDERS. Centrals, Exam-

ination. 1. Chest, chat. 2. Boxer, Boer. 3. Coats, cots. 4. Homes, hoos. 5. Maine, mane. 6. Donor, door. 7. Grain, grin. 8. Biter, bier. 9. Noise, nose. 10. Quoit, quit. 11. Pines, pies.

WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Dime. 2. Idea. 3. Melt. 4. Eats. II. 1. Ayah. 2. Yoke. 3. Akim. 4. Hens.

PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Month of Roses. 1. Maldon. 2. Old Ironsides. 3. Nebraska. 4. Thames. 5. Hampton. 6. Osceola. 7. Florida. 8. Rio Grande. 9. Ohustet. 10. Seven Pines. 11. Everett (Edward). 12. Sampson.

A RHYMED NUMERICAL ENIGMA. Beg one, begone.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "O flower of song, bloom on, and make forever the world more fair and sweet."

CHARADE. Sigh, wrens; sirens.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received, before April 15th, from Joe Carlada—Elsa and John Dohse—Hildegard G.—Richard R. Stanwood—Carl W. Boegehold—Dillards—Doris Webb—"Alli and Adi"—H. Keys Graham—"Naum-ke-ag Quartette"—Nessie and Freddie—Edith Lewis Lauer—Sara Lawrence Kellogg.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received, before April 15th, from C. H. Welsby, 1—Gertrude G. Cheever, 4—E. Sullivan, 1—R. Bray, 1—J. Balsam, 1—H. Schroeder, 1—C. L. Sidenberg, 1—G. Chesley, 1—M. Peck, 1—F. M. Gifford, 2—Alfred P. Clarke, 3—N. A. Podmore, 1—A. J. Cort, 1—D. Hungerford, 1—Ernest Pringle, 3—H. E. B. Weiner, 1—E. Husher, 1—C. H. Stocum, 1—Thomas Piolet, 3—Gracie L. Craven, 5—Charlie C. Atherton, 5—Katharine Atwater, 3—C. Bryant, 1—Mabel B. Clark, 2—Harry A. De Witt, 3—L. Barton and A. Barrett, 5—S. E. MacKnight, 1—Edith Patrick, 4—Willie Naeseth, 4—Theodore W. Sill, 3—Herbert R. Lafferty, 3—Lawrence A. Rankin, 10—Dorothy W. Hurry, 3—Addie and Dotsy, 9—Edith Gardner, 9—No name, Underhill, Vt., 10—Louise Mygrant, 6—Robert Chase, 2—Martha Noll, 1—Edyth F. Verneulen, 5—Mabel, Philip, and Charlotte Stark, 6—Reg. C. Bartels, 3—Arthur Dickson, 3—Marian E. Ingalls, 9—Alice M. Crane, 5—Arva W. Riley, 3—G. H. Lemon, 1—M. Tibbits, 1—Louise Mann, 2—Henry C. Berran, 10—Ernest Gregory, 6—Winnie Black, 4—Lowell Walcutt, 9—Betty and the "Bird," 8—Helen Harris, 10—Katharine M. Clement, 7—Ernest Kelly, 4—J. Merchant, 1—P. A. Van Voorhis, 1—Euphemia Miller, 4—E. S. Jamieson, 10—E. B. Dill, 1—George T. Colman, 9—I. Heath, 1—Dorothy Winslow, 8—Rachel Rhoades, 8—Harold Conant Payson, 8—Florence E. Burton, 2—F. L. White, 1.

RHYMED ACROSTIC.

ONE word is concealed in each line.

1. 'T is said, if lutestrings bend and snap,
2. The sign announces some mishap.
3. Once, just for fun, I tempted fate,
4. To help me bear a tedious wait.
5. I missed the semi-annual show,
6. Which I deserved for being slow.
7. So, as I sat, my thoughts confessed
8. The satisfaction of a test.
9. "Haste, Jean," said I, "my lute please bring."
10. My quick assault racked every string.
11. A gentle echo thrilled the wires,
12. "Try U. S. Uffling's patent lyres."

A birthday proud the primals spell,
And whose the middle letters tell.

ANNA M. PRATT.

AN ALPHABETICAL PUZZLE.

EXAMPLE: Take a letter and to vend, and make to surpass. Answer, x-sell, excel.

1. Take a letter and to study, and make an image.
2. Take a letter and severe, and make to hold out.
3. Take a letter and to transmit, and make to move downward.
4. Take a letter and a small aperture, and make an incident.
5. Take a letter and a drinking-cup, and

make a kind of nut. 6. Take a letter and tardy, and make exultant. 7. Take a letter and to negotiate, and make to beg. 8. Take a letter and the lower part of a column, and make to lower. 9. Take a letter and to leap, and make to run away. 10. Take a letter and to entreat, and make to follow. 11. Take a letter and to quiet, and make a continuation.

The eleven letters which help to form the foregoing words will, when read in connection, spell a word often heard in July.

BERTHA B. JANNEY
(Winner of Cash Prize).

WORD-SQUARE.

1. A period of time.
2. Rest.
3. Small serpents.
4. Repose.

CHARLIE C. ATHERTON
(League Member).

CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the central letters will spell the name of a poet.

- CROSS-WORDS:** 1. Cinders. 2. To rob. 3. To rove. 4. A festive gathering. 5. A stratum. 6. A drain. 7. A common fruit. 8. A kind of spice. 9. To vex. 10. A bet. 11. A kind of gun. 12. A view. 13. Hue. 14. A Christmas decoration. 15. Abrupt. 16. A gem.

ESTELLE ELLISSON (League Member).



(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

By starting at the right letter, and following a certain continuous path (using no letter more than once), spell seven objects associated with a national holiday.

EDWIN PARTRIDGE LEHMAN.

DOUBLE ZIGZAG.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

1				11					
	2				12				
		3				13			
			4				14		
				5				15	
					16				
7						17			
	8						18		
		9						19	
			10						20

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Restoration from sickness. 2. Want of the sense of hearing. 3. Plunderers. 4. Those who shoot. 5. The man at the helm. 6. Greed of gain. 7. Lacking tact. 8. Incapacitated. 9. Worried. 10. Horses of high mettle.

From 1 to 10, an event which took place in France in 1789; from 11 to 20, a place outside of Paris, famous for its historical association.

CLAIRE VAN DAELL.

DIAGONAL.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below the other, the diagonals, beginning at the upper left-hand letter and ending with the lower right-hand letter, will spell something seen after nightfall on the Fourth of July.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Part of a gun. 2. The most celebrated of the paladins of Charlemagne. 3. A little bundle. 4. Swayed backward and forward. 5. Won. 6. A tropical bird.

HAROLD STEPHENS
(League Member).

RHYMED DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

CROSS-WORDS:

1. A Dutch landscape-painter, accounted first rate.
2. A Celtic tribe conquered by Caesar the Great.
3. A king of the Visigoths, foremost in fray.
4. A river that flows into Chesapeake Bay.
5. The name of a man in George Eliot's works.
6. A title of courteous respect among Turks.
7. A lake in New York which the tourist esteems.
8. A Bohemian composer of musical themes.
9. A town on Long Island, near its southern bound.
10. A town for its quarries of marble renowned.
11. A wonderful gun called by its maker's name.

12. One of the Muses of classical fame.

13. A monarch who marvels in Babylon wrought.

14. A bay south of Greece where a battle was fought.

The initials will spell a great author of note.

The finals the name of a book that he wrote.

CAROLYN WELLS.

DIAMOND.

1. In organ-grinder. 2. A fish. 3. A benefactor.
4. An animal. 5. In organ-grinder.

POSITIVES AND COMPARATIVES.

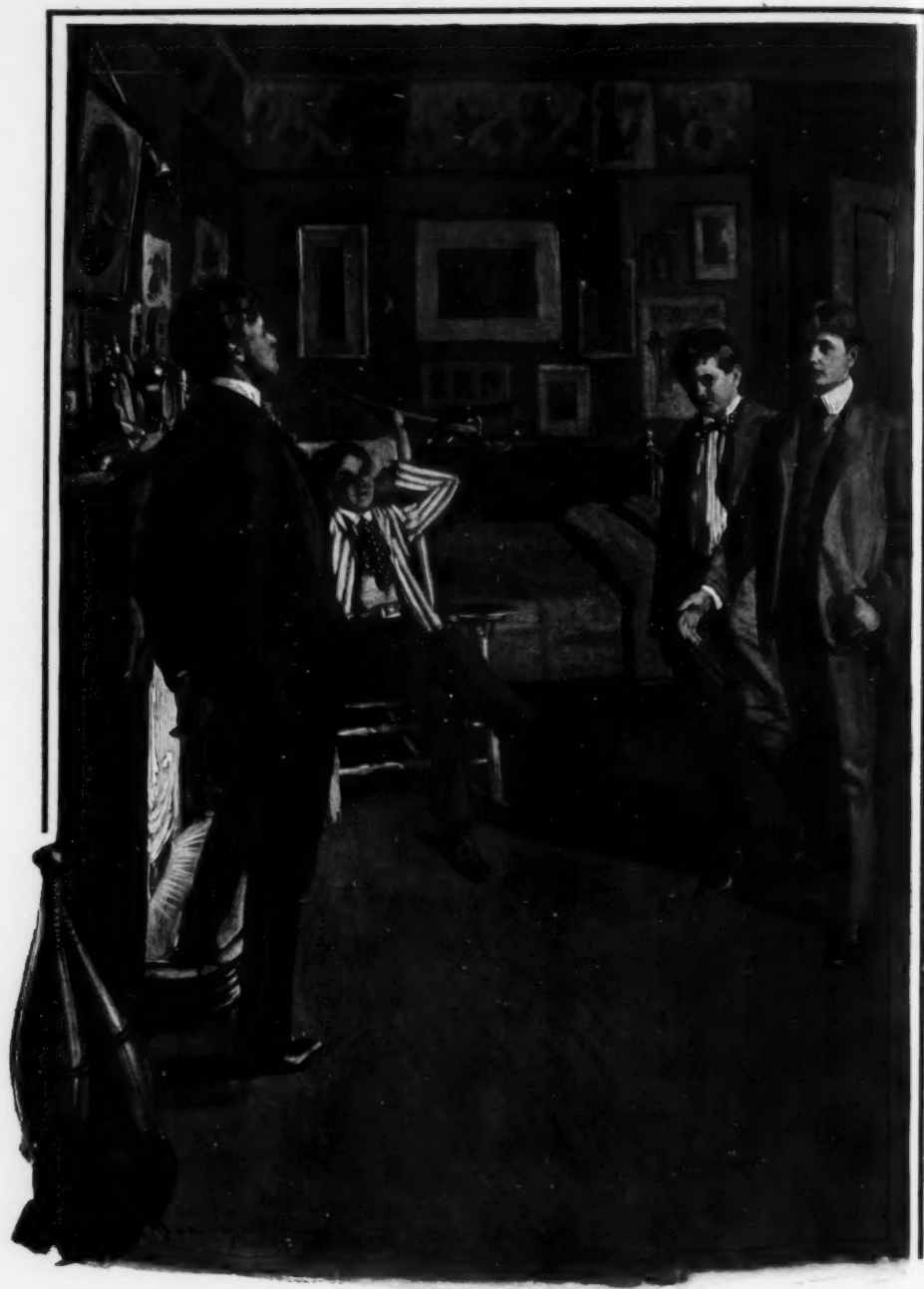
EXAMPLE: Positive, to permit; comparative, a mis-sive. Answer, let, letter.

1. Positive, an amount; comparative, a season. 2. Positive, to augment; comparative, a reptile. 3. Positive, to report; comparative, a bank official. 4. Positive, to place; comparative, a hunting-dog. 5. Positive, flesh food; comparative, a measure. 6. Positive, a rug; comparative, material. 7. Positive, a religious ceremony; comparative, a superior. 8. Positive, a place of traffic; comparative, one who sacrifices his life for the sake of principle. 9. Positive, a featherless biped; comparative, a fashion. 10. Positive, a transfer of values; comparative, an ocean traveler. 11. Positive, a reservoir; comparative, to tumble about. 12. Positive, one of the senses; comparative, a refinery. 13. Positive, a passage; comparative, a horse's head-gear. 14. Positive, to satisfy; comparative, to strain. 15. Positive, an outer skeleton; comparative, a place of refuge.

HERBERT I. PRIESTLEY.

CHARADE.

In days of many a valiant deed,
The weary rider would alight,
And rest and feed his foaming steed
And at my first stay through the night.
A narrow stream; my next doth name,
Which through South Scotland takes its course;
Though short, it came renowned to fame
By legend's strong and magic force.
My third, however small it be,
When placed in graceful poet's hand,
Is calm and free as summer sea
And stirs and moves a mighty land.
My fourth an adjective applies
To tangled woodland, dark and dim,
Where no path lies before the eyes,
But all is shadow, black and grim.
My whole our brave forefathers bought
Who came from England far away;
For that they fought; that too they taught;
By that we live unto this day.
CHARLOTTE F. BABCOCK (League Member).



"WE HAVE COME TO HELP YOU." (SEE "THE JUNIOR CUP—AFTERWARD," PAGE 904.)

is
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